The

POGO

PEEK-A-BOOK

WALT KELLY

IF THIS BOOK has a theme, which is unlikely, knowing Kelly, it is that we have nothing to fear but fear itself, and boy, that's plenty.

It contains sundry matters and several which are unsundry, or everyday matters. It concerns the old-fashioned, or plug-ugly approach to children's stories, and indicates how Pogo and Albert and their fellow Okefenokeeans can botch up that approach beyond recognition. But even though they are butterfingered in their attempts to catch aholt of a plot and give it the old one-two gory middle and happy ending, they are gentle and lovable and busy. And after all, it's pretty hard to come to a successful conclusion, as this page demonstrates.

THE PUBLISHERS

Back panel drawing of Walt Kelly by Don Crowley.

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THE BEST OF POGO

Pogo
I Go Pogo
Potluck Pogo
The Pogo Papers
The Incompleat Pogo
Uncle Pogo So-So Stories
The Pogo Peek-A-Book
The Pogo Stepmother Goose
Gone Pogo
Pogo À La Sundae

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The Po

GO

PEEK-A-BOOK

by

WALT KELLY

1963

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a collection of Walt Kelly's POGO books
selected by David G. Hartwell
and produced under the supervision
and with the generous assistance of Selby Kelly.

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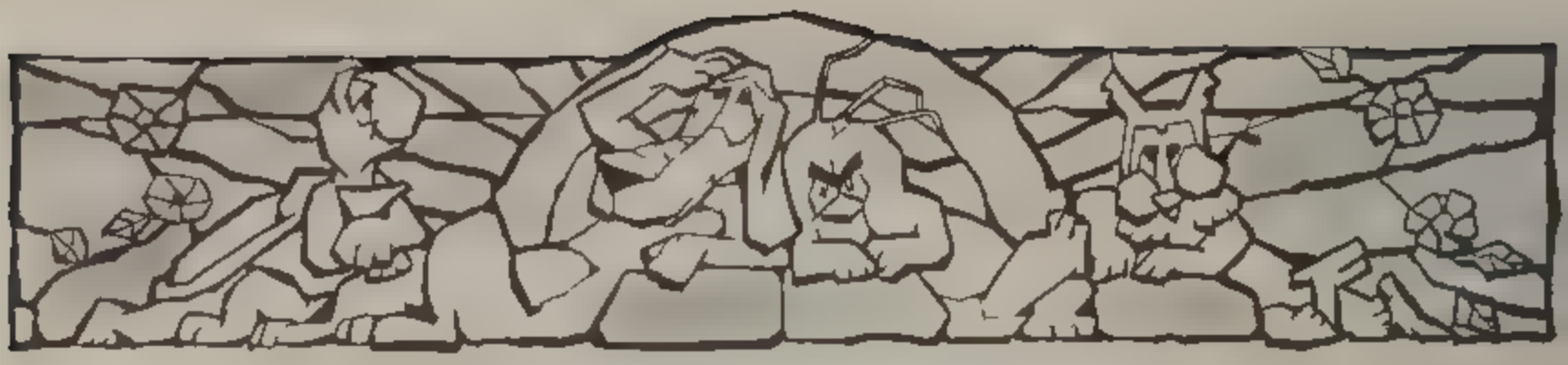
ONE SMALL SCORE FOR TWO BROWN EYES

(Quick, my love, fetch the torch.
There is no longer dark.)

"Evening is dawn;
And night unknown.
But here in the morn
The mists are grown;
And only the loon
Will laugh alone;
And only the lone
Are lorn."

Porkypine 1955



OUR PLEDGE*

Here is a peek through several windows. Altho a great deal in the book may not be readily understood by the average adult**we, the editors, are sure that such materials will do no harm to his tender mind.

That is, providing that this adult is a secure and well adjusted individual, loved by such children as he may or may not have. It is important to be loved by children, but it is even more important to love children, though many may grow heavy with warts and become toothless.

Not all of us can have blue eyes and some may not have two eyes. But many of us now living will one day be completely human and it is this hope which makes us all akin.

To this end we pledge our hearts, our minds and our Uncle Frims Mooter, CYpress 9-600 (After 9 A.M.)

The Board

* Baby arachnid, squashed, Feb. 20, 1955. Sorry.

** "The average adult is no longer as average as the average." P Podd's *"qualifications,"* 1982.

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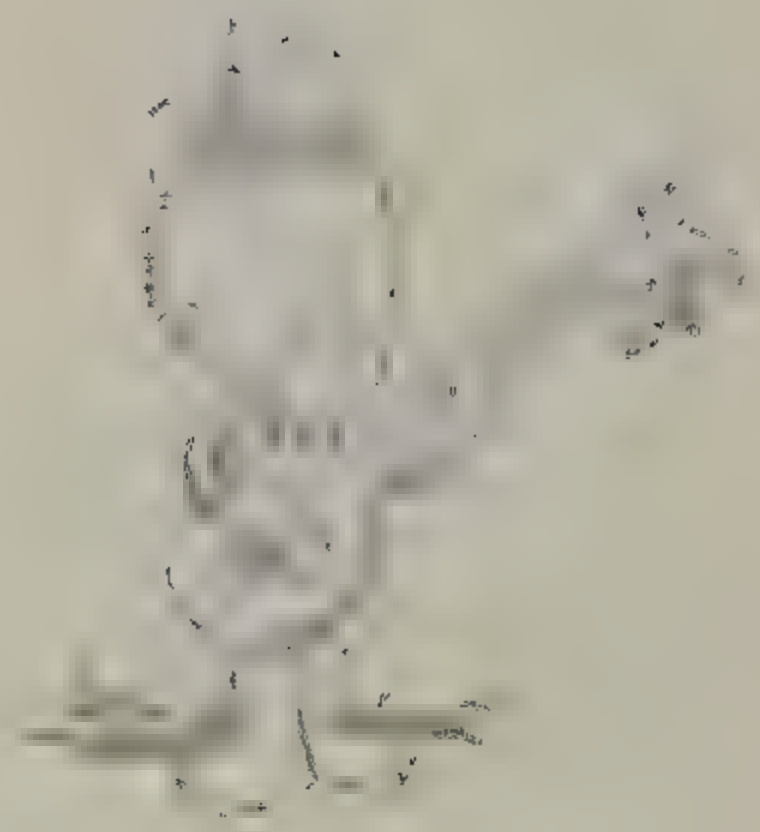


LHUDE SING CUCCU

Och, hwaer-so-e'er do nu we goe?
An' whude we knaw't a do---
Owre Childer deore be faulne awa'
Whoumever shal ye sue?

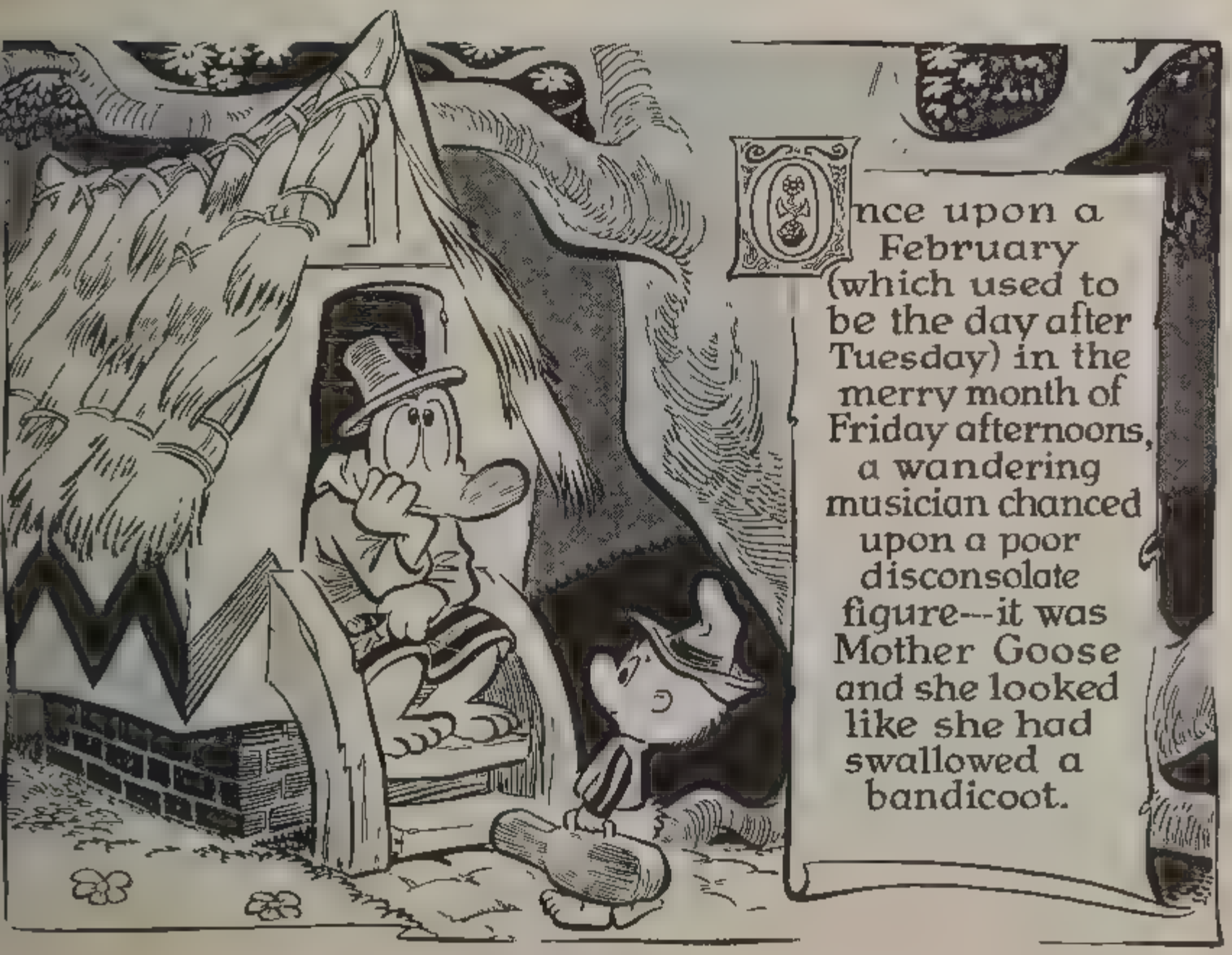
Coulde we but tain they hand en own
Ere na they gan too farre
An' fæsten they on high raign-bogh
Ellse to yon spring-bryhte starre.

Aye, whude we tain they pon y-knee
For towlde they owt we knaw,
Sic they mought sweet
The louvelynesse en Tale on Longue-an'-go'e.

Allowe we now be fillt wi cayre,
On whyche bouke childer reede,
Ain we shal na en falowe grunde
Yet soweth owt owre seede...

from "Ancient Porridge"
Adapted by
Sir Runcible Spoon, A.B., R., H., P.O., A., E.

MORE MOTHER GOOSERY RINDS


Once upon a February (which used to be the day after Tuesday) in the merry month of Friday afternoons, a wandering musician chanced upon a poor disconsolate figure---it was Mother Goose and she looked like she had swallowed a bandicoot.

Gadzooks, Mistress Goose, thou hast a glommed look on thy pretty face, i'faith.

Aye, no one to help a poor widder woman. Pa Goose is been hung high an' that cooks mine up brown.

Gee gosh shucks an' ods blud, ma'm—what happened to the fellow what used to lay the golden eggs?

He turned out to be a gal, son—run off an' got married up to a drummer from Toledo.

The fellow said he'd get the corner on golden eggs but try as she would she couldn't put corners on any an'...

That broke 'em up. He left her the custody of his indelible pencil an' she made a mark fer herself as a tattoed lady with a carnival.

Why din't she lay eggs?

The carnival crowd said they was no use in her layin' golden eggs---if she could of laid **uranium** eggs, they said--- but she was stuck with gold.

She was too old to convert--- but what brings you here?

I'm a wanderin' musician.

Things been so bad, mebbe mayhap I'll wander with you.

I'm only wanderin' as far as my music teacher.

Ah, to love music so---would I were a itinerant flautist or peradventure a itineared piano tuner.

Oh, I don't love music, I loves my piano teacher.

Piano teacher? How in tunket come is you totin' a violin case?

Cause I carries a line of glass cutters.

Also jelly beans, fireworks, jam and a patented tooth paste what works wonders on yo' hair...also magic potions, nostrums an' a dried scorpion.

My son, you is been sent to me by my furry Goduncle! You is the answer to my maiden prayer.

Good for me! I is a bear cat!

I hears the question on yo' lips, my son---why is you wored out and frazzy lookin', ol' Mother Hubbard?

Mother Hubbard !?!

You be Mother Goose, mom---you ain't Miz Hubbard.

Well, I be dogged!

No wonder I been goin' to the cupboard an' findin' nothin' for the dog---I ain't even got a dog!

'Tain't nothin' to be 'shamed of--- bein' dogless.

Well, in that case, is you wonderin' why me, Mother Goose, is wored out an' frazzy lookin'?

"Wored out," yes--"Frazzy lookin'," no.

Dear boy, you thinks I isn't frazzy lookin'?

No, I jes' don't wonder why you is.

All right, you middlin', meddlin' peddler, keep yo' distance --an' listen at my problem.

Afore we goes any further with my interestin' troubles loan me the borry of a couple them jelly beaus.

As you knows, son, I is a bee-loved figger on account I is so lovable. For years all the chilluns would gather 'round my li'l cottage door.

"Sing us a nursery song, Mother Goose," they would holler, curtseyin' like crazy, "Sing us about Fearless Fred, the Footpad."

"Oh Fearless Fred, the Footpad dread, Set fire to his momma's bed"--

What!?

If that's the kind of song you been nursery singin', no wonder you got troubles!

What's wrong with it?

Li'l chilluns likes songs 'bout bunnies an' busterflies--- "Oh, wouldst I was a caterpiggle, A creepy, crawly waggle wiggle."

Oh, goody!

An' things like: "Hop hop hop hop hop hop hop--- I am go-ing to the shop."

Ooh---what a beauty! Oh, what a mighty line!

Then, too: "When I go in-to the wood I see the lit-tle bun-nies Eat-ing por-ridge as they should, Those cle-ver lit-tle rab-bits."

What grace!

Tell me---is you the writer of Shakespere's sonnets, Mr. F. Bacon?

No-- that was Marlowe.

Where---where do you get such rhythmh? Such cadence, such soaring loveliness, such sheer moxie?

Here's another.

"Oh, watch the kit-ty wash his face. Lick lick lick lick lick lick lick purr!

That all---? That one didn't rhyme.

Oh, they don't gotta rhyme. They just hafta have pussy cats an' jingle bells in 'em.

No longer do the chillun come to me--- but with rhymes like that---ho-ho!

Ho-ho indeed!

Young man, if you will but write me rhymes like that it will make Mother Goose famous and you will be rich!

Rich?

Aye, I will load you with gold and grant you three wishes.

Done!

How did that go now---? Watch the kit-ty lick his face. Purr purr purr...

I'll be back with bran' new verses.

Let's see now---um---uh, how about something called "Jack and Jill---" yes yes and---uh, "The cat and the fiddle."

Great---great---deathless! If she hadn't promised me to make me rich I'd keep these...

Purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr purr...

Hey!

Purr?

Here's the verses--- where's the gold? Where's my three wishes?

Mm---you'll have to wait just a moment for the gold but the wishes are yours right now---three, mind you---start wishing.

Gosh!

"Jack and Jill Went up the hill To fudge appalling Walter---phoompf!

I wish for a coal black charger with a golden saddle!

"Highdid deldid del Thecа tand thefid del Thecow jump dover the moo--"

Pshoosh!

Where is it?

Sir!?

Where's my charger, my coal black charger?

These verses are sort of flimsy.

Your wishes don't hold up so good, either.

Wish for something else--- maybe they is all out of chargers. "As I was going to St. Ives...

I wish for a solid gold crown with two pairs of pants.

"I met a man with forty wives. Every wife had forty sacks,

Ready!

"Every sack had forty cats, And every cat had forty kits. Kits, cats, sacks and wives, How many were going to St. Ives?"

See a crown anywheres?

Oh, I dearly loves mentable gymnasticals---let's see now, forty times forty...

The crown never arrived neither.

That's eighty plus cats... cats and eighty adds up to one hunnerd an' forty!

That wish was a dud too.

One hunnerd an' forty multiplied by forty times forty equals x over P.D.Q.

Where's my crown?

Now the **trick** in **trickon-ometry** is to retain the quota whilst carryin'over the prud-ential... so that means forty is equal to...

I'll look over here...

Gunk!

No, it wasn't thrown out with the garbage---unless the dog got hold of it and---

Ow! Ow! Ow! You made me fall down and bite my finger!

Where's my crown? A gold crown with two pairs of pants.

I'll crown you!

Sir, your wishes are frauds

You almos' made me decapitate my finger!

I wished twice---did everything right---an' no returns! Empty wishes!

You don't git no returns on empty wishes---wish for somethin' else---you got one wish left.

I'll save it for a emergency.

Go away, son. I is busy with a important problem---let's see--- forty wives with forty cats---

I'll save my wish for some time when I don't want anythin' to happen.

How come this bounder had forty wives?

Mebbe he had a forty-one passenger bus---mebbe he was lonesome---mebbe he got carried away---mebbe he was a collector.

He was a polyandrous poltroonin' polyglotton-- an' mebbe illegal--- methinks he ain't worth worryin' about...

How 'bout all them ladies? An' the cats? You gone leave them to wither?

All right- -ods blud! He's out! But I'll figger up the total an' subtrack one---him, the no-good polyphony---so. it's forty women with forty sacks. That's eighty plus the cats or---

Or bust.

Oho! You're the cool one! Castin' aspersions on a poor ol' widder woman what doin' her best to figger your problem.

Oh, I knows the answer.

Ho ho---a likely story! Forty wives with forty sacks with forty cats with forty kits ain't added up over night, my son --Romeo wasn't bilked in a day.

True, true.

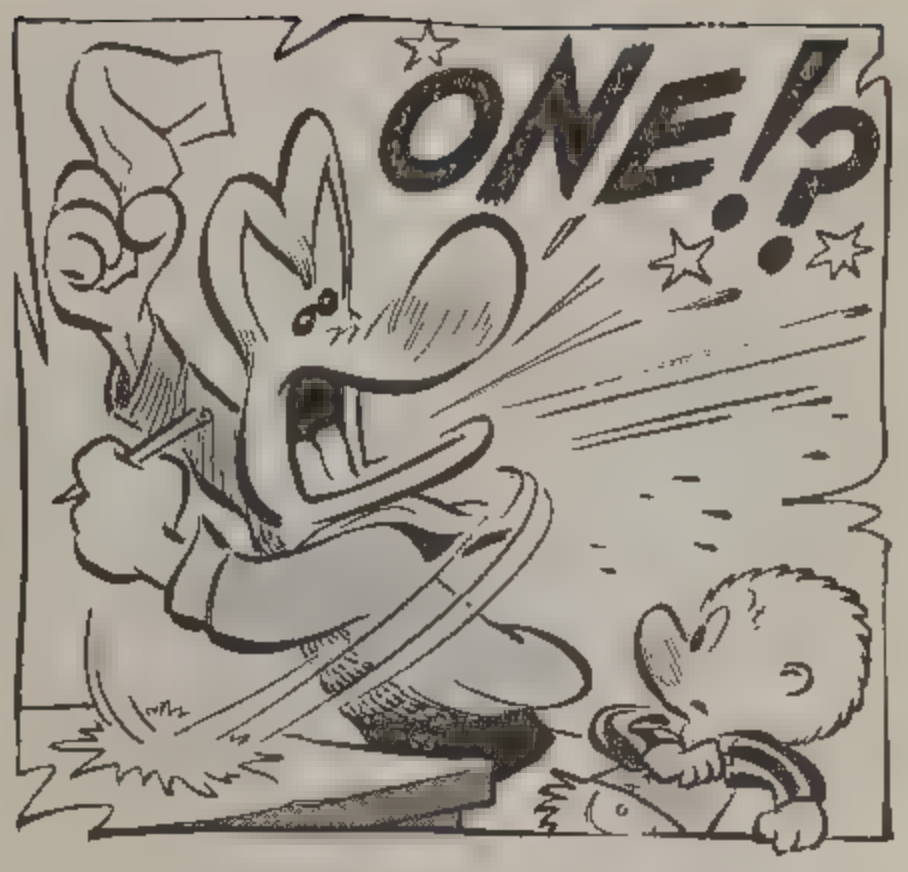
Besides, I don't need no help---but as a plain piece of academical curiosity---what's your answer?

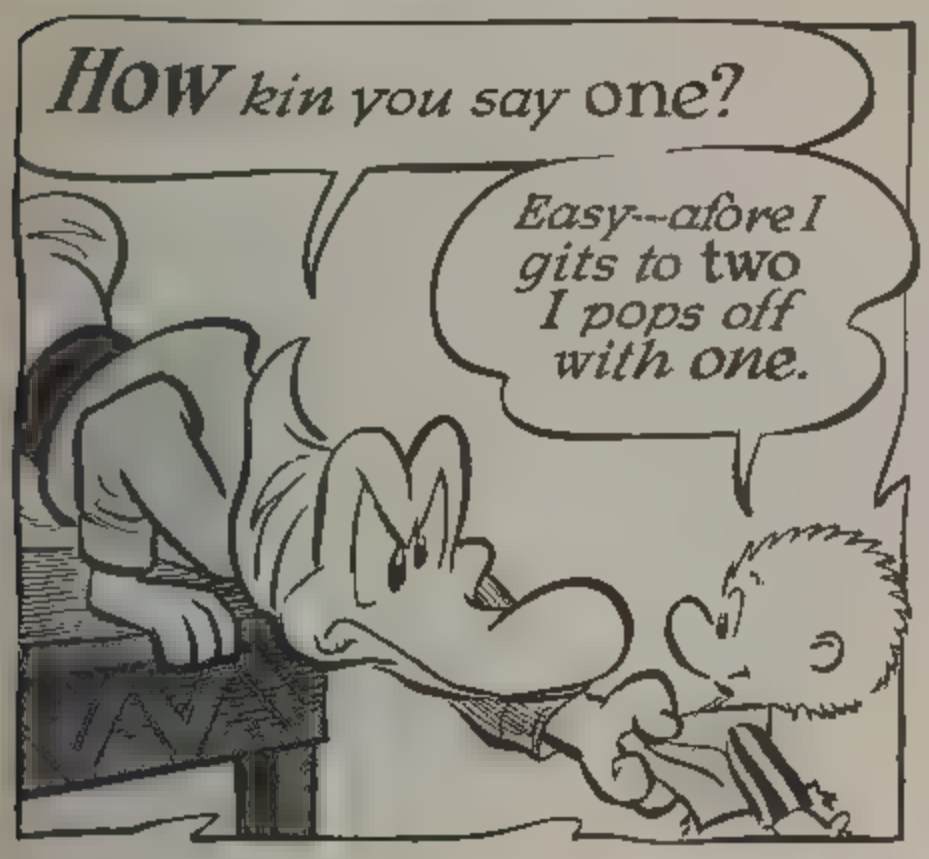
One.

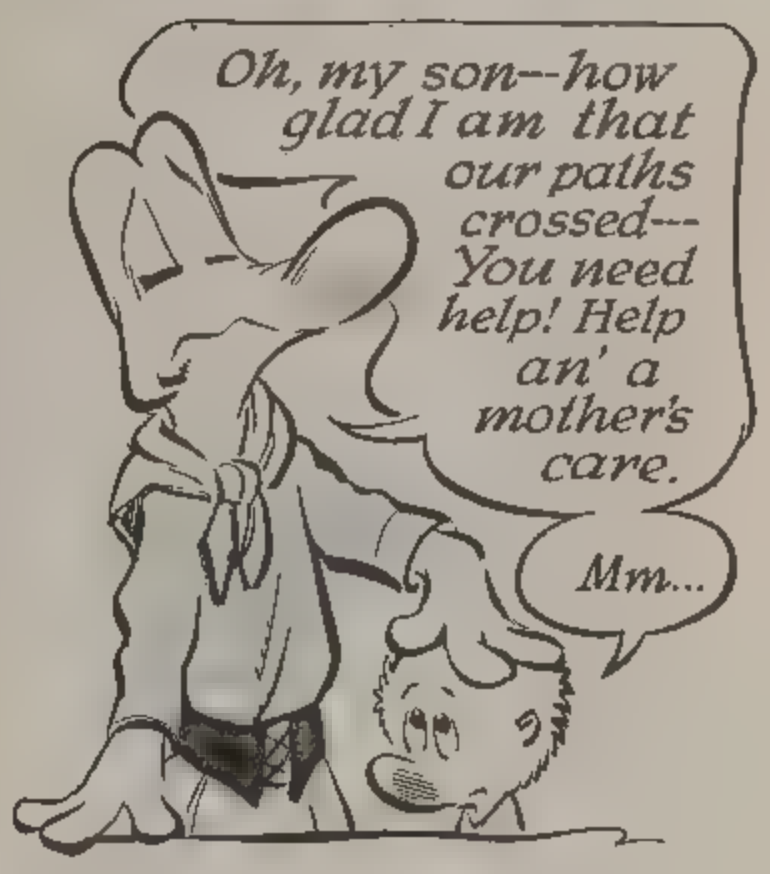
Lemme make a note of that--- um---now, uh, what'd you say you got?

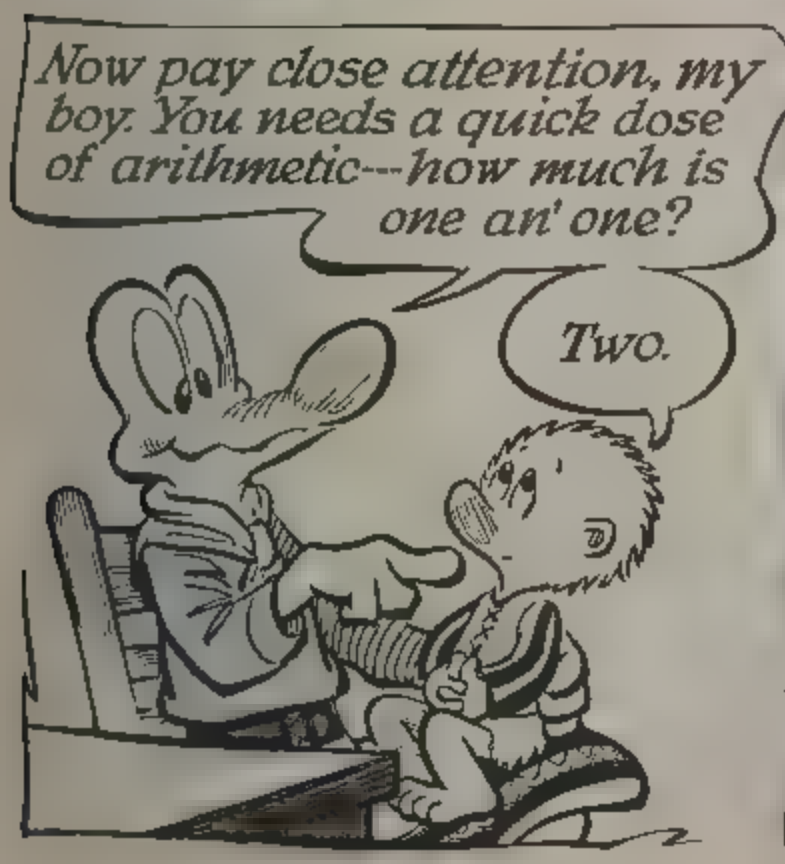
One.

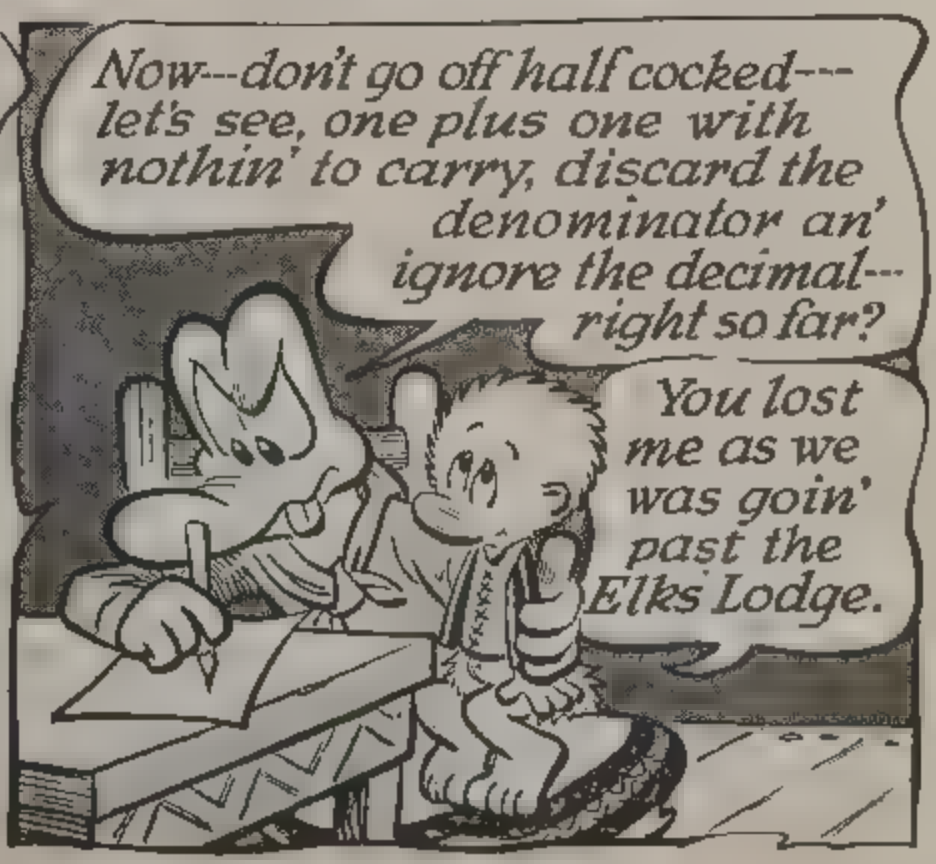
Uh huh---yes---um---
well, well---one---you
say:one? Well--hum.


ONE!?


How kin you say one?
Easy--afore I
gits to two
I pops off
with one.


Oh, my son--how
glad I am that
our paths
crossed---
You need
help! Help
an' a
mother's
care.
Mm...


Now pay close attention, my
boy. You needs a quick dose
of arithmetic---how much is
one an' one?
Two.


Now---don't go off half cocked---
let's see, one plus one with
nothin' to carry, discard the
denominator an'
ignore the decimal---
right so far?
You lost
me as we
was goin'
past the
Elks Lodge.

One plus one, leavin' off the accousticons, amounts to---mm---ee-leven, or lookin' at it like a Roman, two.

Cave canem!

Thank you---you see how easy it is once you gits the rudimentals?

Yo' mentals is as rude as they come--- you is a credit to the firm.

Now--here's a tricky one--how much is one plus one plus one?

How many ones?

Three ones.

The answer is three.

You peeked---or else you is wrong.

Count 'em.

One is one--- one more is two--- one more is three. Right?

Right!

Now, you add them up---one an' two is three, an' another three makes five.

Three an' three is six.

My boy! My boy! Afore you gits to six, what's you gotta do? Go thru five, don't you?

An' four.

Four---yeah--- I forgot about four---mm--- my, my!

Continue to fergit the four--- I'll put it over here on this paper---now go ahead.

Fine, fine---now then, my young friend, our problem here is with multiples of one---namely forty and other high numbers.

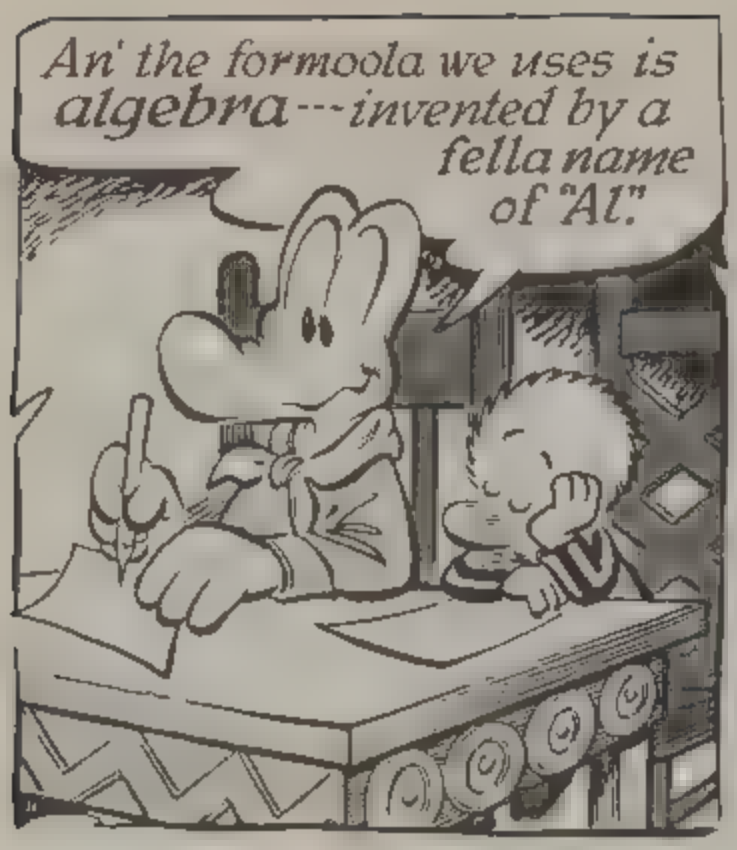
Now look at it this way---it ain't so much that you is dumb or iggerant---it's jes' that you is stupid but got perty brown eyes.

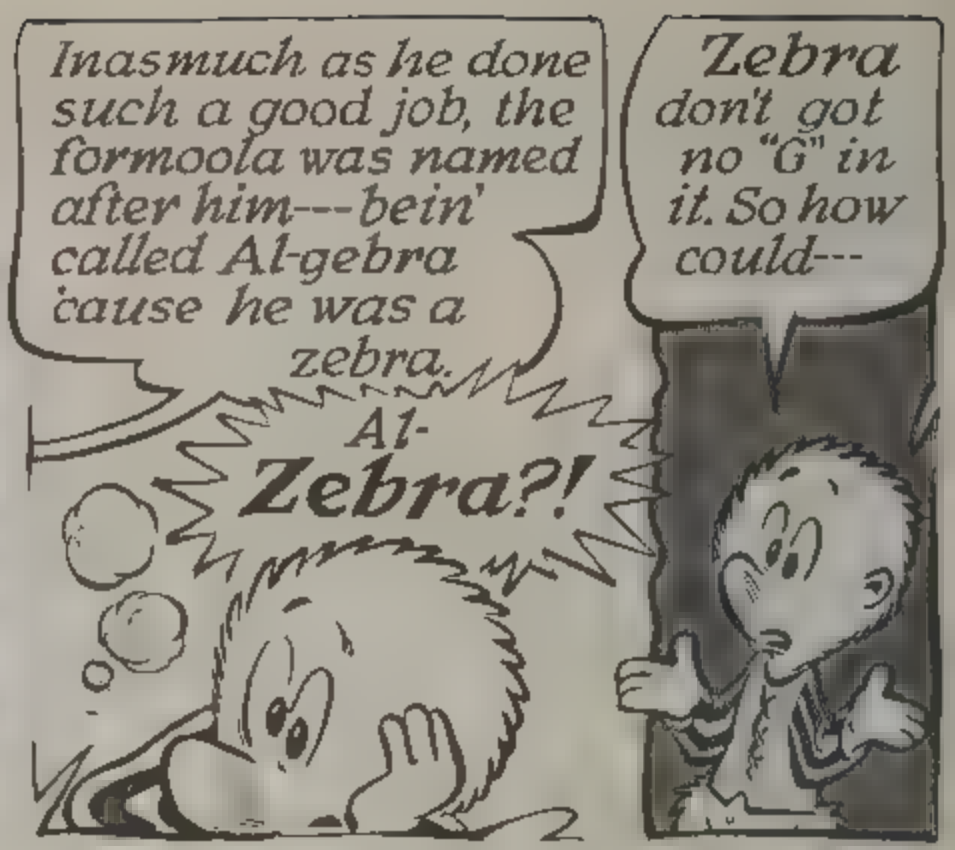
I takes after my pa an' ma.

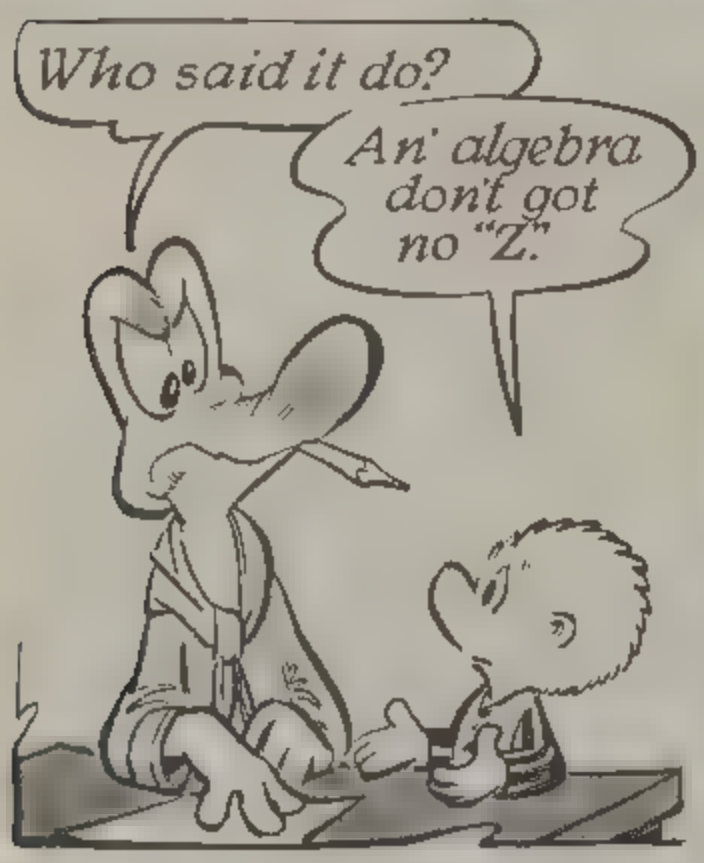
Exactly! It's okay to count up to forty on yo' fingers---but what happens when you gits past forty-one?

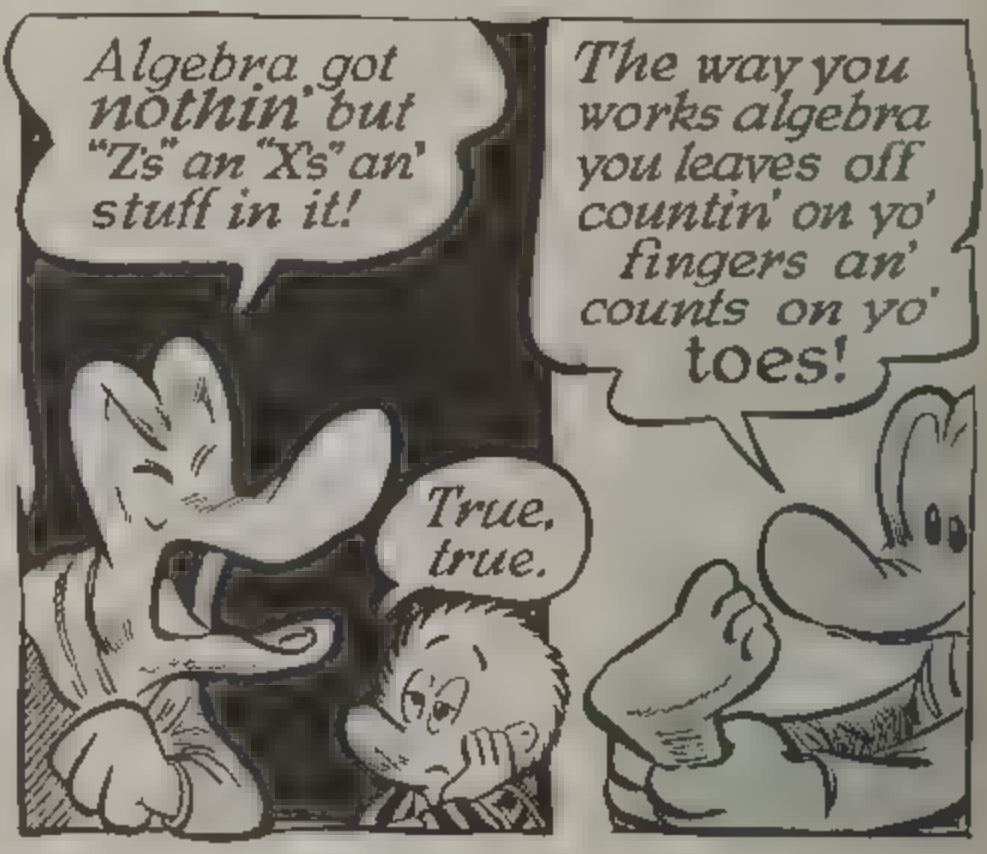
You runs outen fingers? You applies for Social Security?

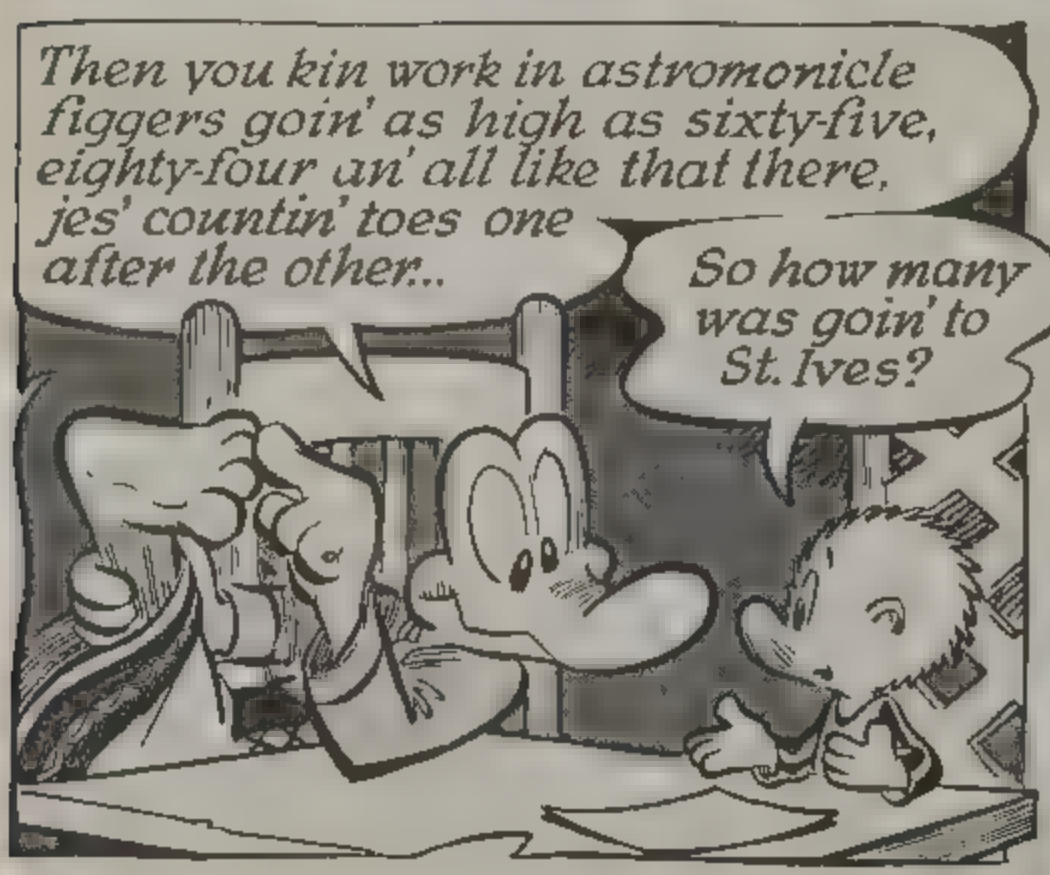
Right! We kin use a bright young man like you in our canal departmint haulin' water---now if you gits up into the forties you gotta use another math formoola...

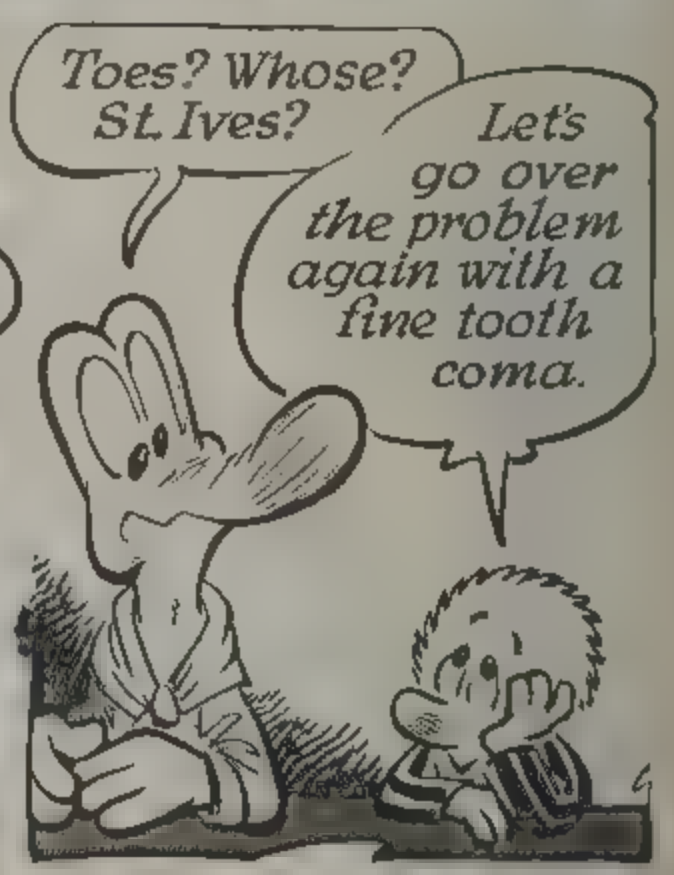

An' the formoola we uses is algebra---invented by a fella name of "Al."


Inasmuch as he done such a good job, the formoola was named after him---bein' called Al-gebra 'cause he was a zebra.
Al-Zebra?!
Zebra don't got no "G" in it. So how could---

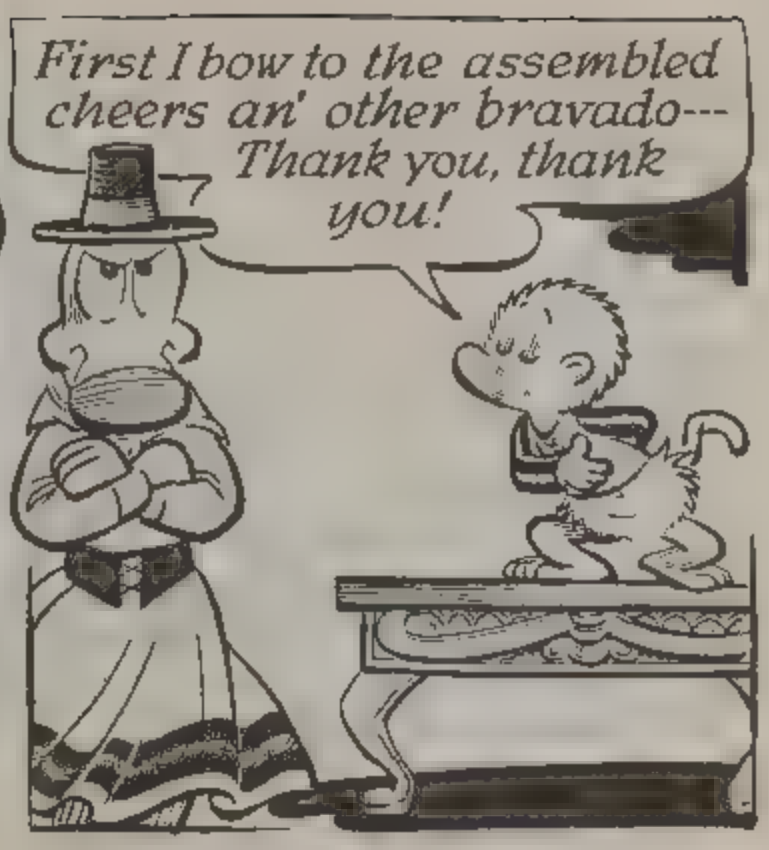

Who said it do?
An' algebra don't got no "Z."

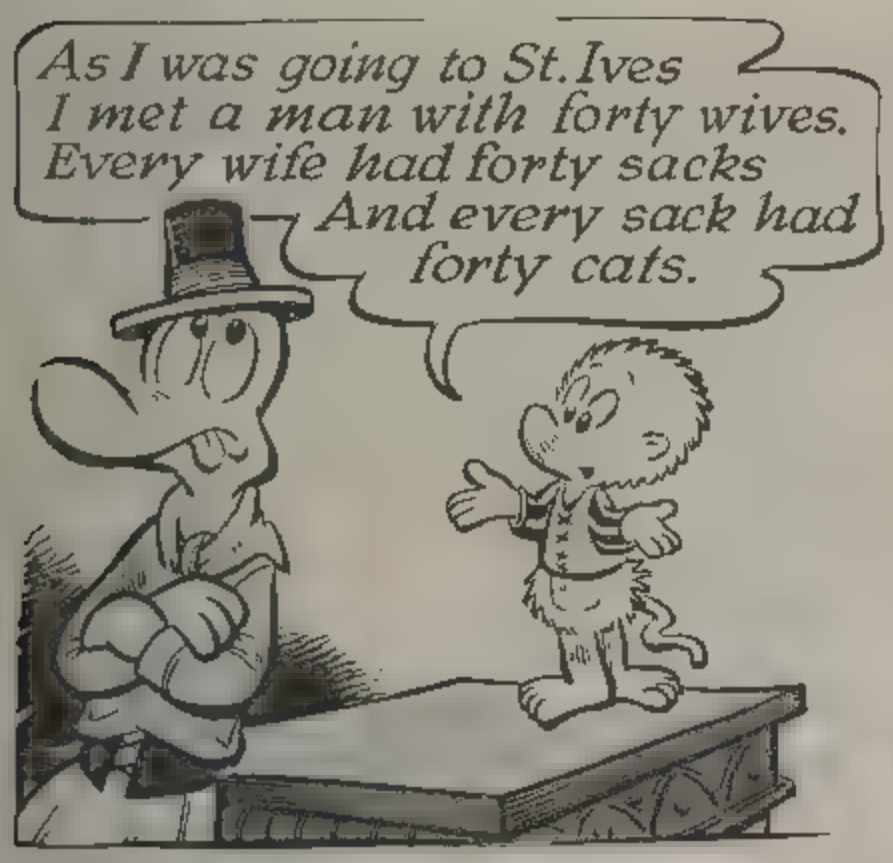

Algebra got nothin' but "Z's" an "X's" an' stuff in it!
True, true.
The way you works algebra you leaves off countin' on yo' fingers an' counts on yo' toes!


Then you kin work in astromonicle figgers goin' as high as sixty-five, eighty-four an' all like that there, jes' countin' toes one after the other...
So how many was goin' to St. Ives?


Toes? Whose? St. Ives?
Let's go over the problem again with a fine tooth coma.

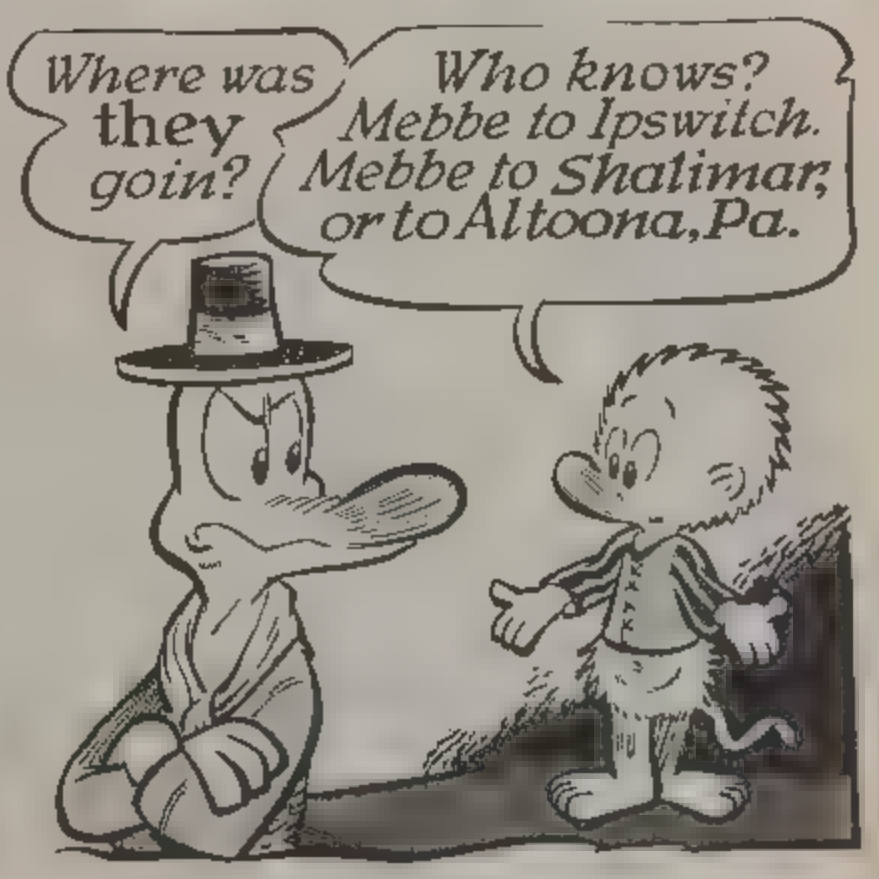
Excellent, my dear colleague. Restate our theorem.
I gotta git up on the table.


First I bow to the assembled cheers an' other bravado---
Thank you, thank you!


As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with forty wives.
Every wife had forty sacks
And every sack had forty cats.

Every cat had forty kits.
Kits, cats, sacks an' wives,
How many were goin' to St. Ives?

It's easy---I was the only one goin' to St. Ives---all I did was meet the others---they wasn't goin' to St. Ives.


Where was they goin?
Who knows? Mebbe to Ipswitch. Mebbe to Shalimar, or to Altoona, Pa.

All right---s'posin' we leave YOU out an' all these people is goin' to, say, Altoona. Now forty wives plus---

There's Mother Goose now, son. We'll ask her to sing "Fearless Fred, the Footpad."

I'm not Mother Goose---she's inside, figgerin' out a riddle.

Phoomph!

I'll sing you a new song, my friends---listen close!
As I was goin' to St. Ives
I met a man with forty wives.
Every wife had forty sacks.
Every sack had forty cats...

Every cat had forty kits!
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to Altoona?

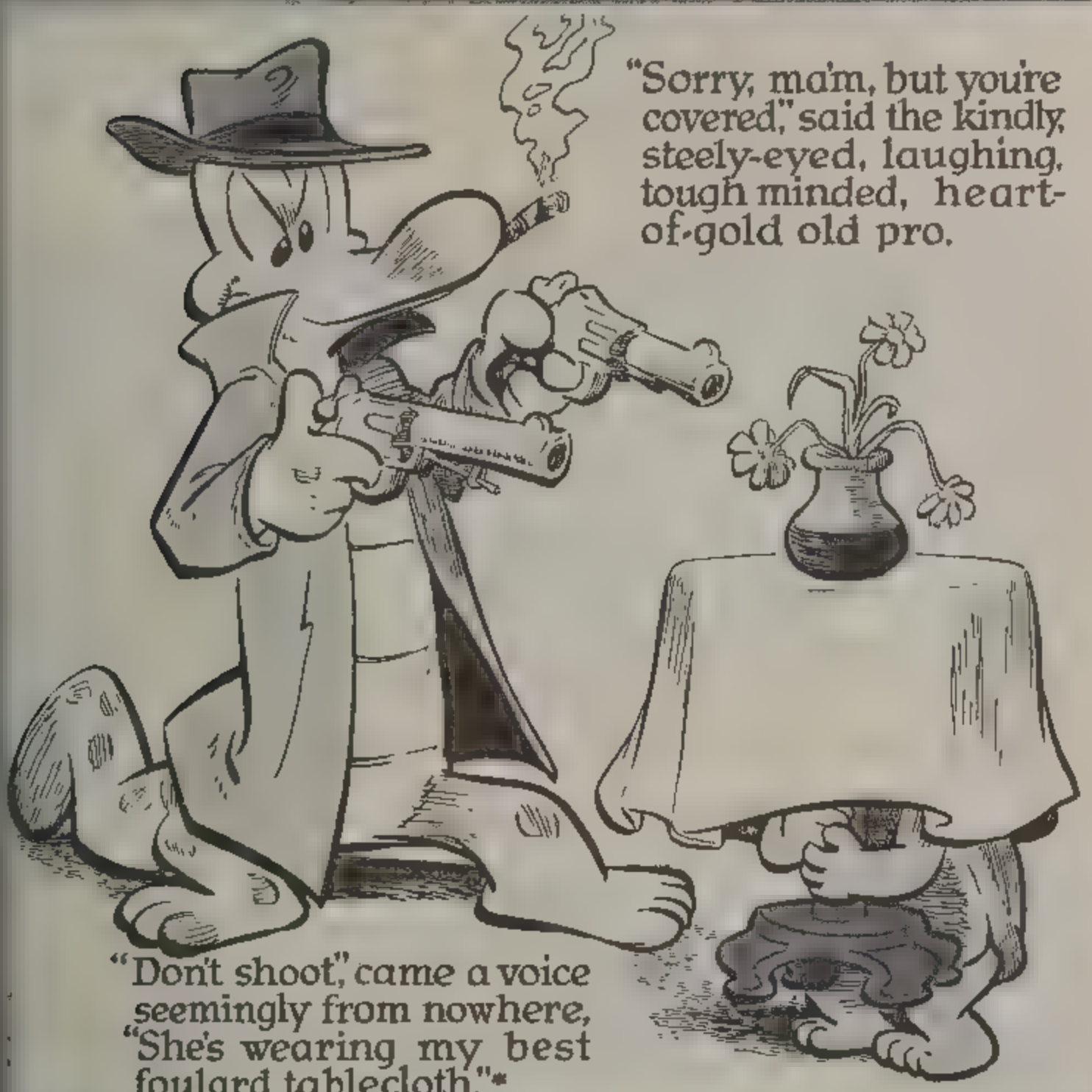
Come on---how many would you say?

I don't think anybody is Mother Goose!

Mought be a fella named Al Zebra.

AN APPROVED ROUSER

GORE BLIMEY

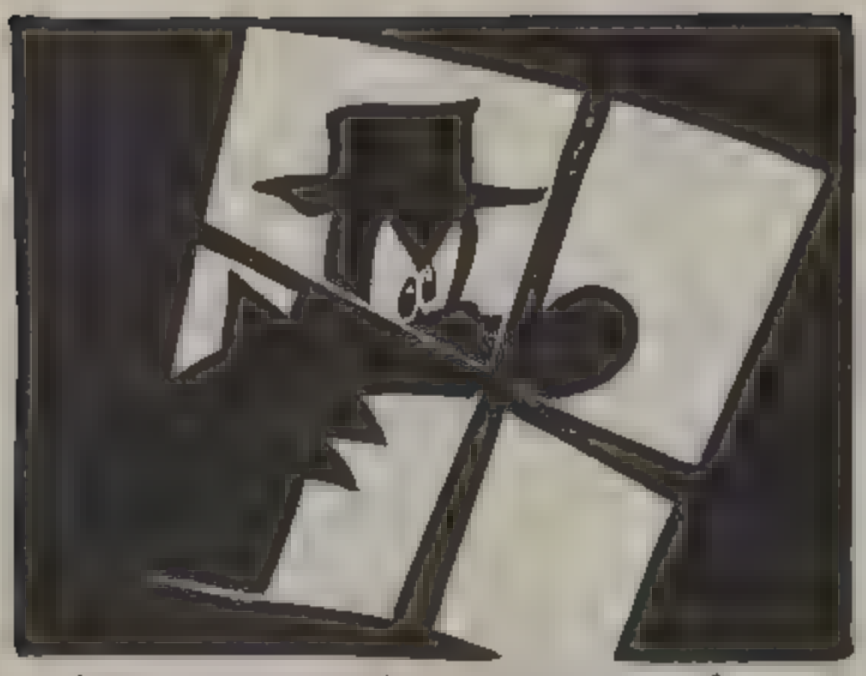


"Sorry, ma'm, but you're covered," said the kindly, steely-eyed, laughing, tough minded, heart-of-gold old pro.

"Don't shoot," came a voice seemingly from nowhere, "She's wearing my best foulard tablecloth."*

* So right, lady, but remember, Foulard *means* best. (Adv.) Foulard Freres and Bros.

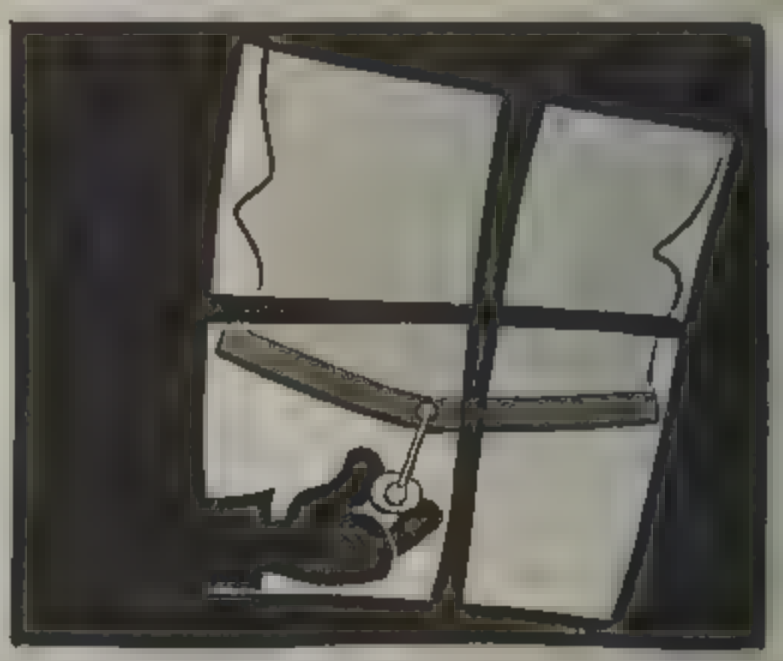
THE BLOODY DRIP WRITHES AGAIN



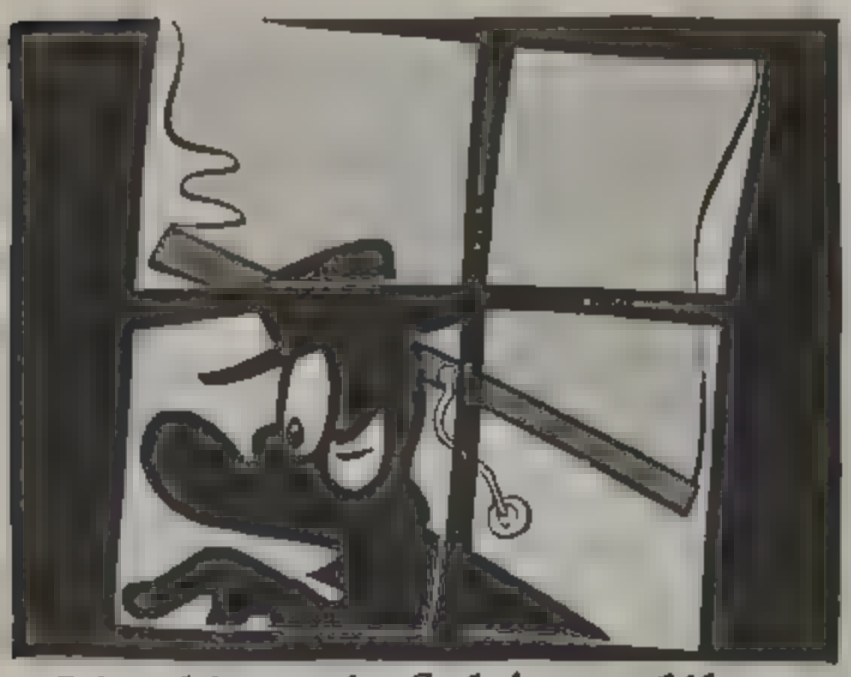
Me, known in every station house from Ackerman's Corners to Zanzibar...

Known far, wide and handsome as a tough cop--a private eye with a head like a steel trap.

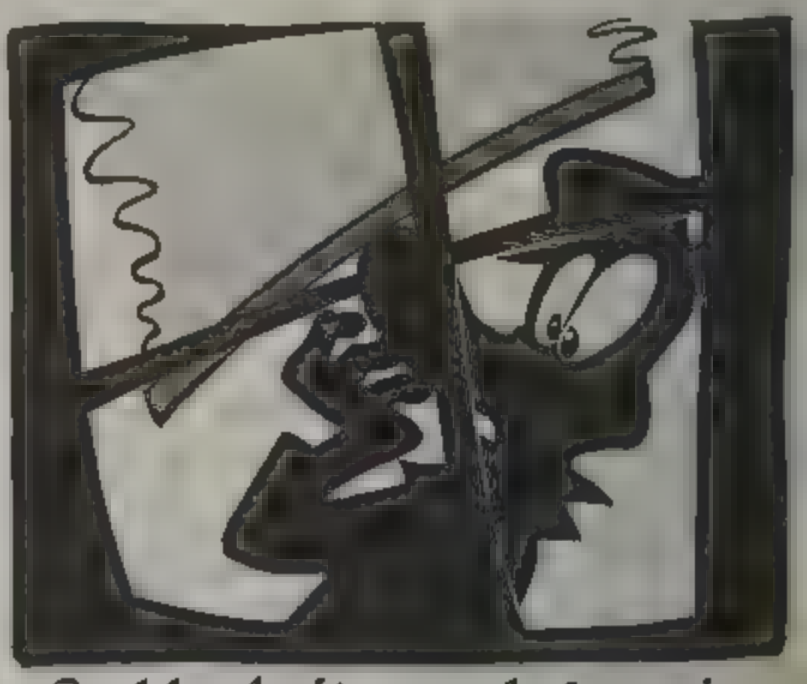
Me, better known as "I" for short--I was in the middle of a case....



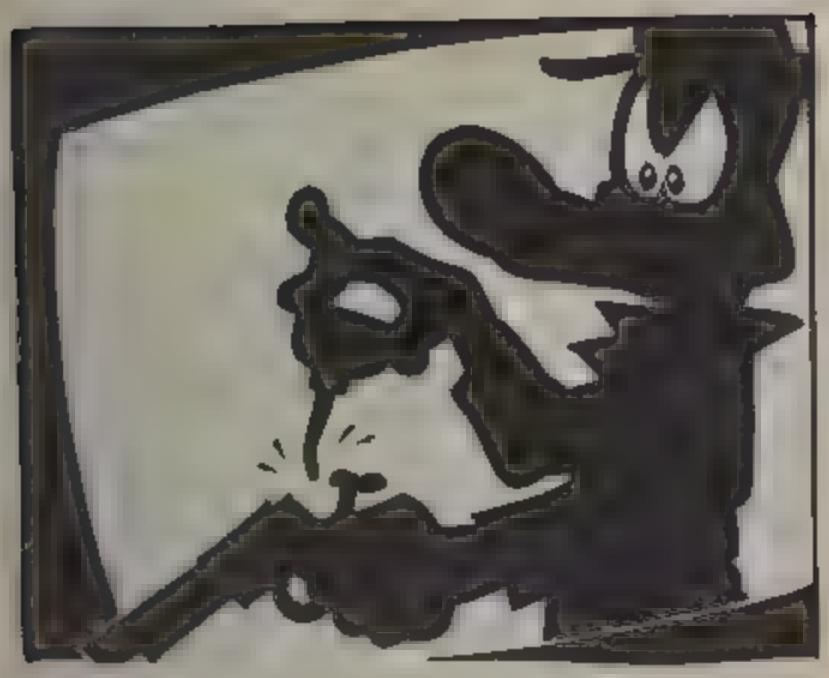
And I was in the dark. Somebody had not paid the electrical bill....



I had heard of things like that before but this sounded to me like a bum rap...



Suddenly it sounded again. "Rop--rop--rup--brf!" The worst rap I'd *ever* heard.

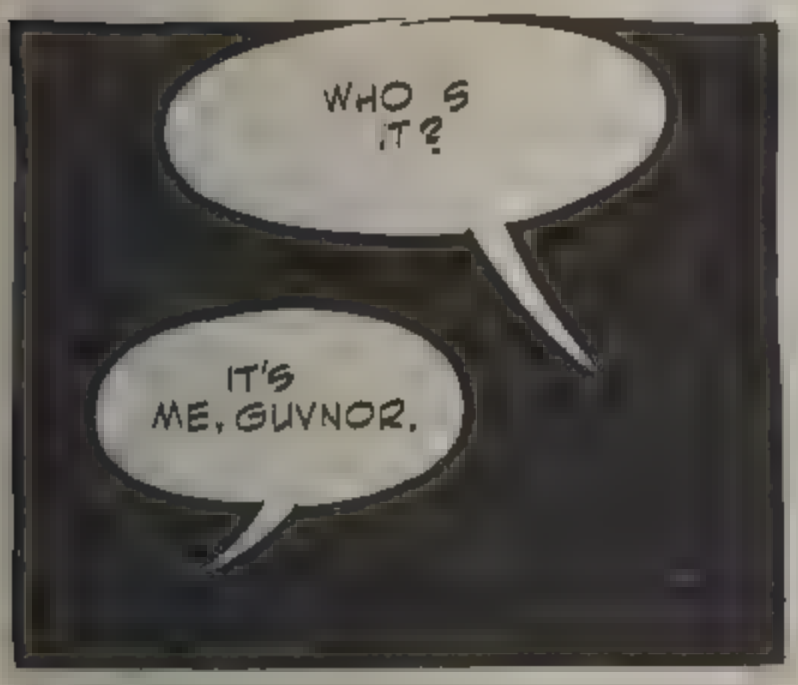


I drew my trusty roscoe and checked it... *It was ready*--but where was I?

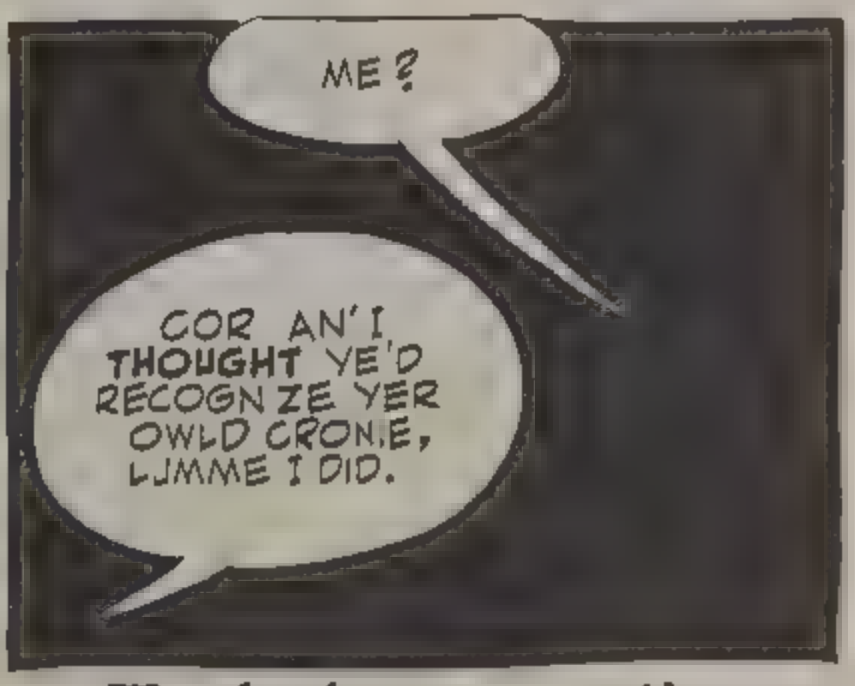
My eyes were getting used to the dark...There I was...I glimpsed my fine, strong hands.

I worked over toward the door. The raps came again.

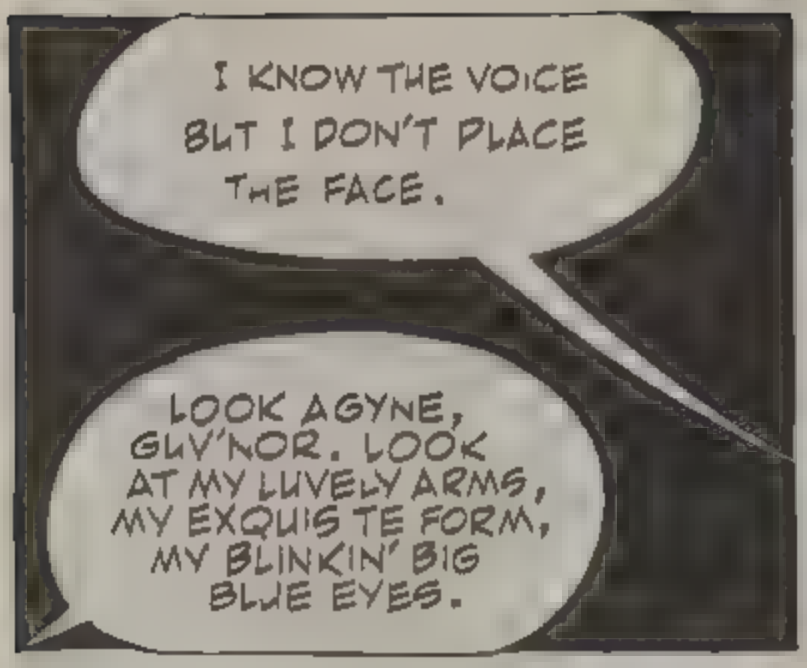
"Come in before you break it down!" I called with ready wit. The door opened.



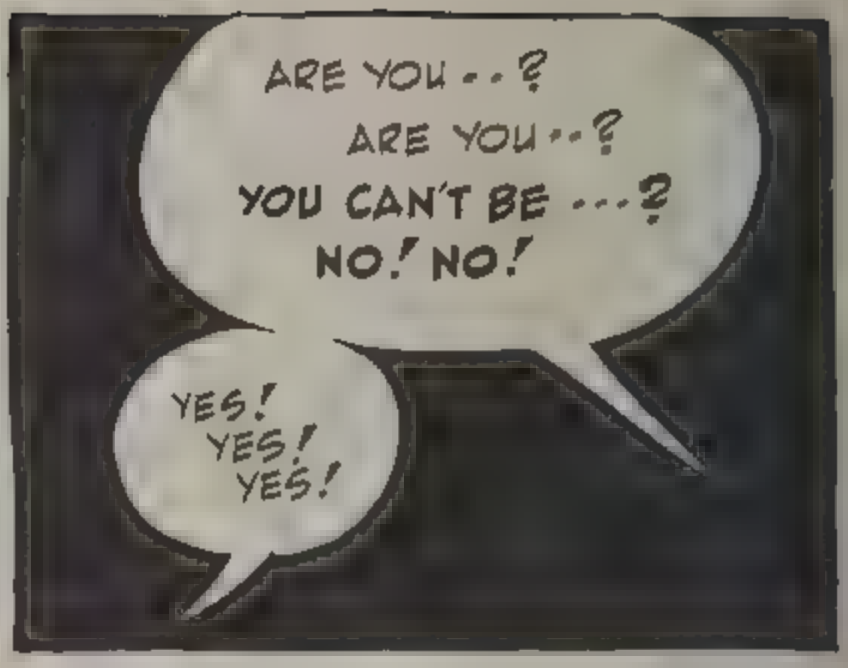
A strange conversation followed....



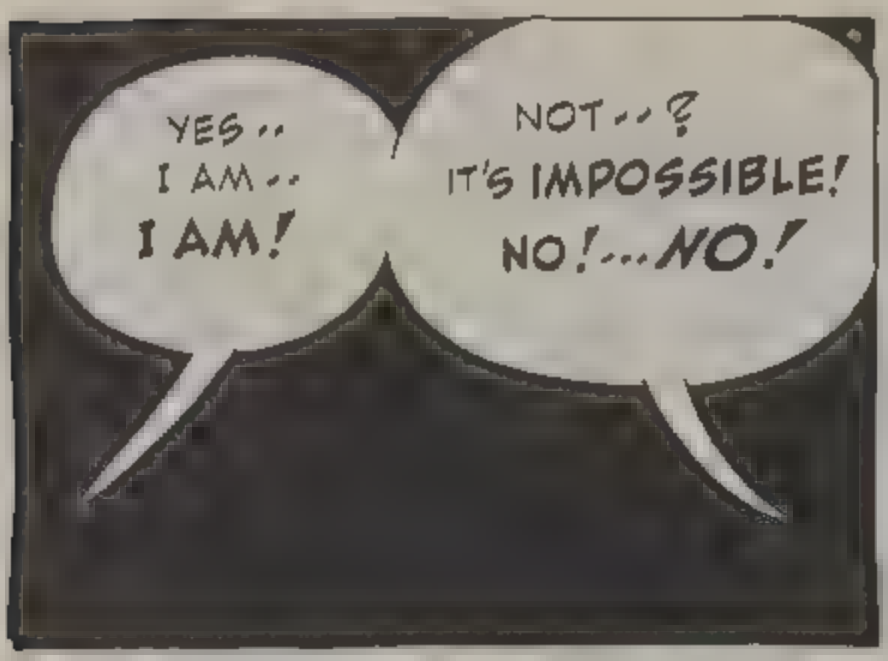
Words in an exotic tongue...words from some foreign strand.


I KNOW THE VOICE BUT I DON'T PLACE THE FACE.
LOOK AGYNE, GUV'NOR. LOOK AT MY LUVELY ARMS, MY EXQUIS TE FORM, MY BLINKIN' BIG BLUE EYES.

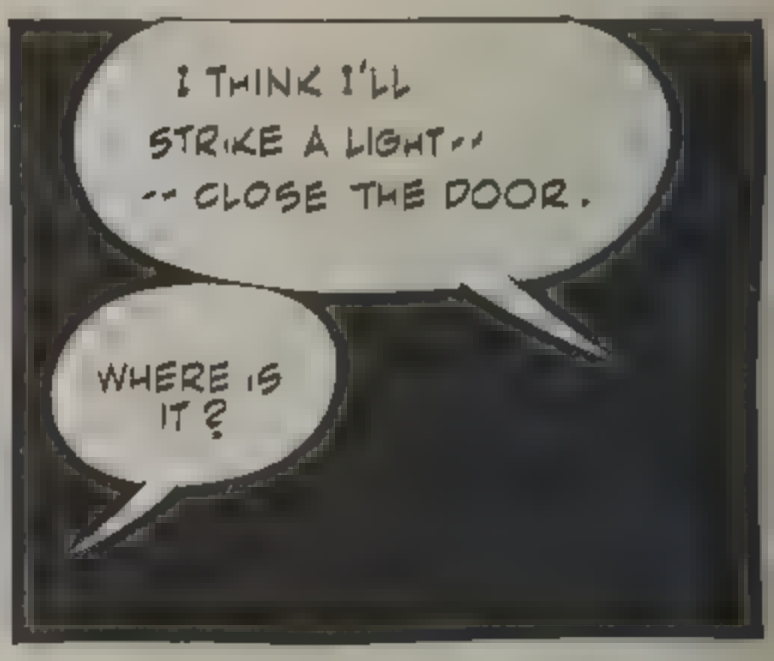
I knew the voice but I didn't place the face.



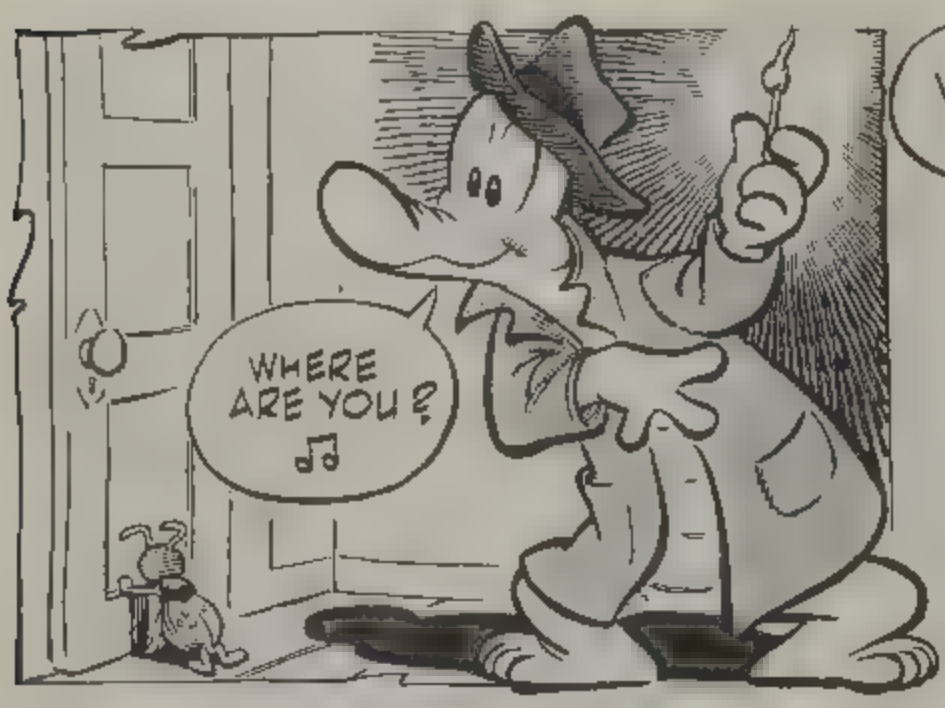
Oh, I knew the voice all right, but I didn't place the face.



Yes, I knew the voice all right, but the face was something else again.

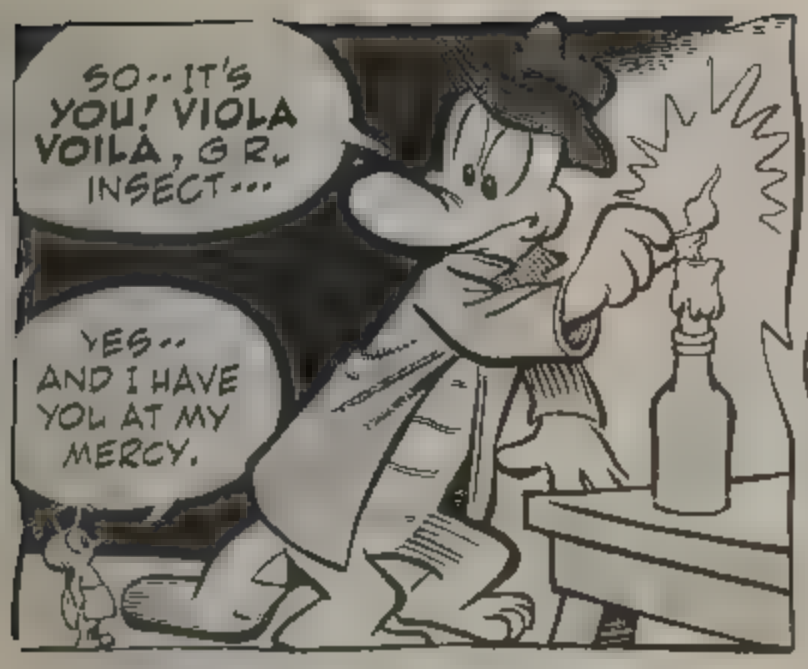


My heart leaped like a startled hart...I devised a clever plan.

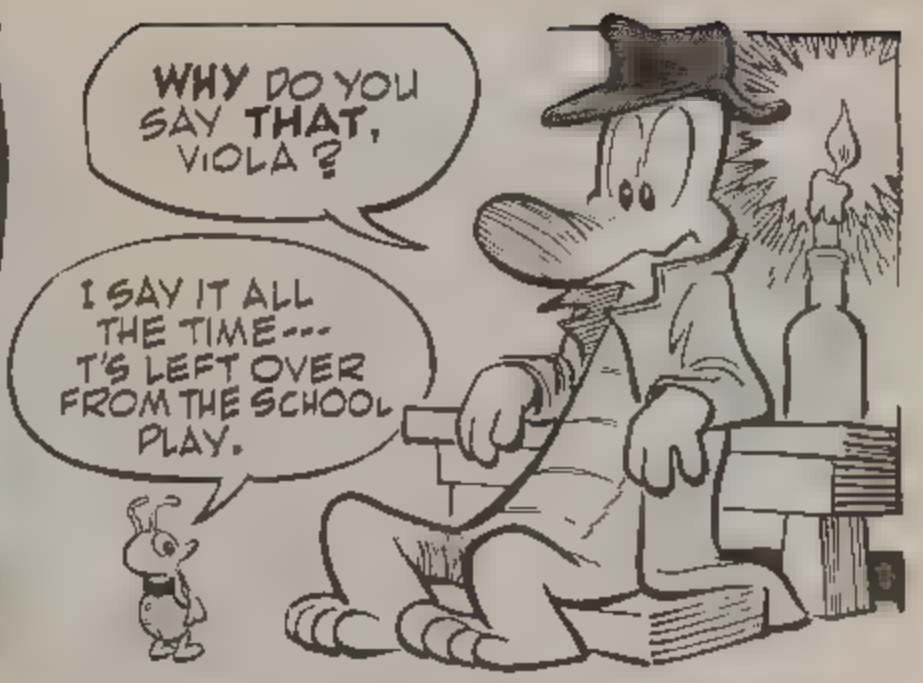


A light in my hand, my keen eyes swept toward the door.

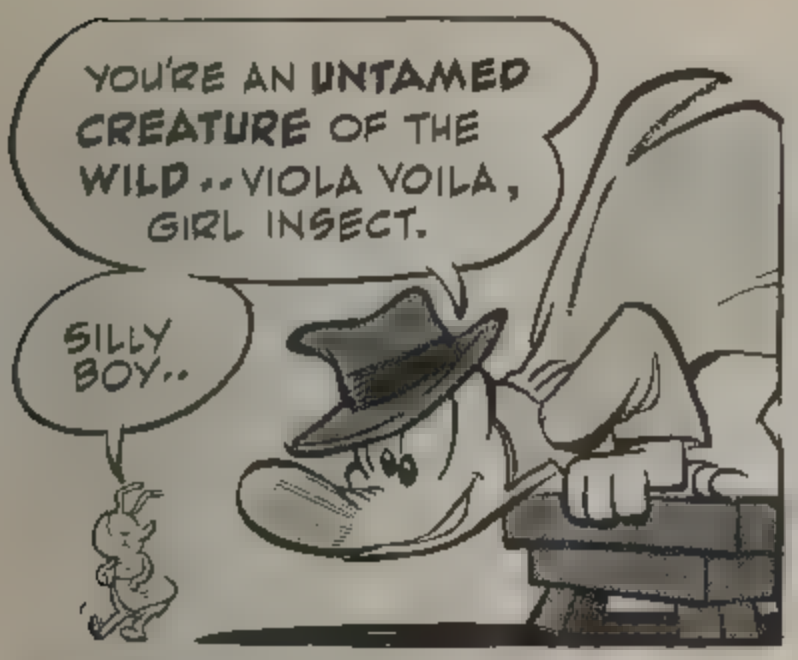
My brain whirled like an egg beater in hades.



I smiled--putting on the old charm--Viola Voila was a name to conjure with.

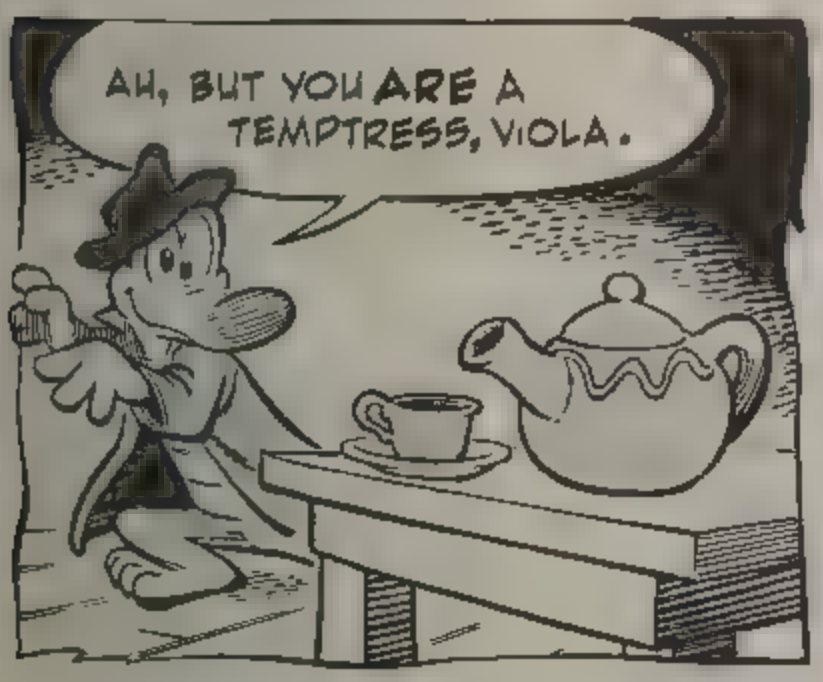


Some day Viola Voila, girl insect, would become a lady---a lady bug---but *today---ha!*



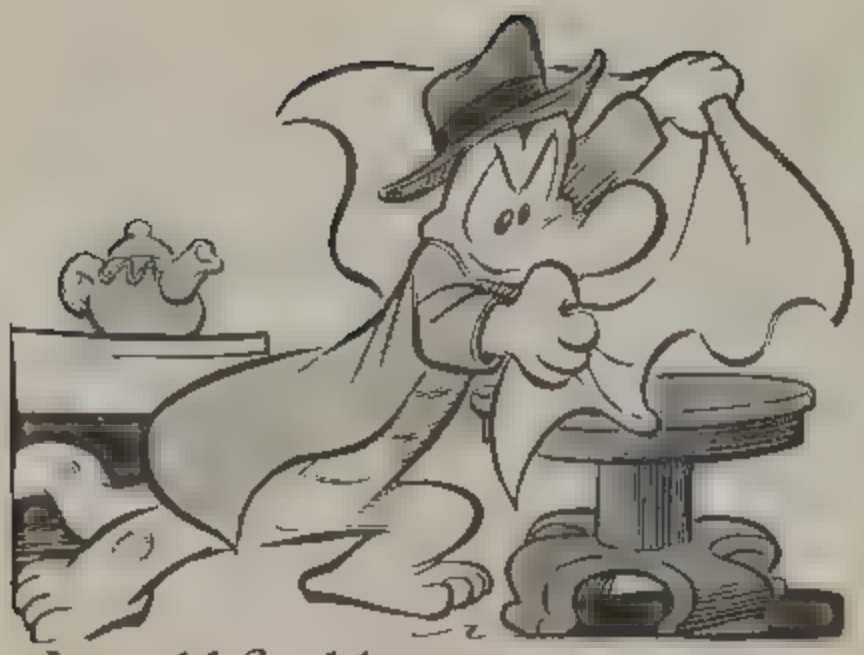
Her lovely violet eyes flashed, she was full of static electricity---I had a plan...

I would plug her into my electric meter and--- but she eluded me...

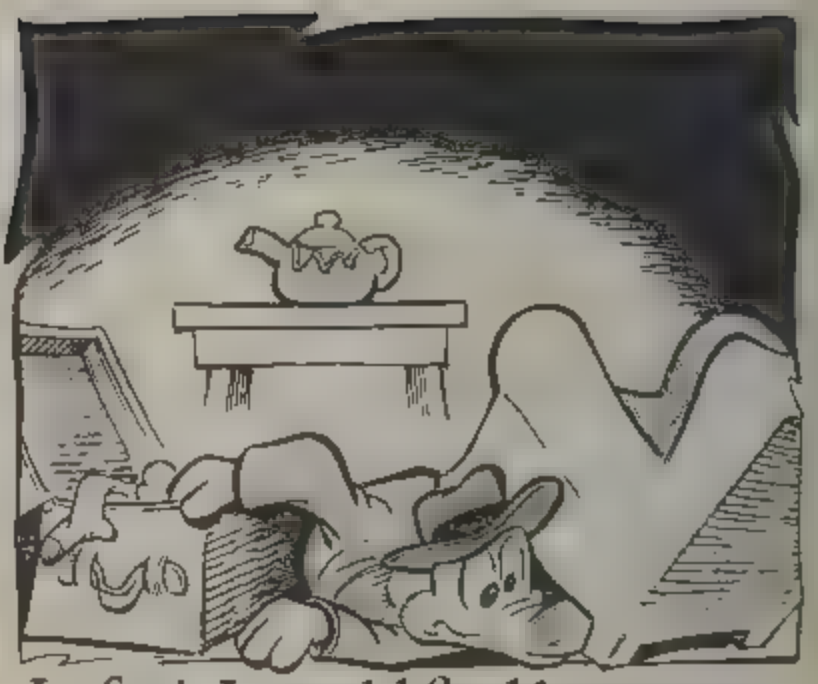


Somewhere she was hidden-- it would take but a trice

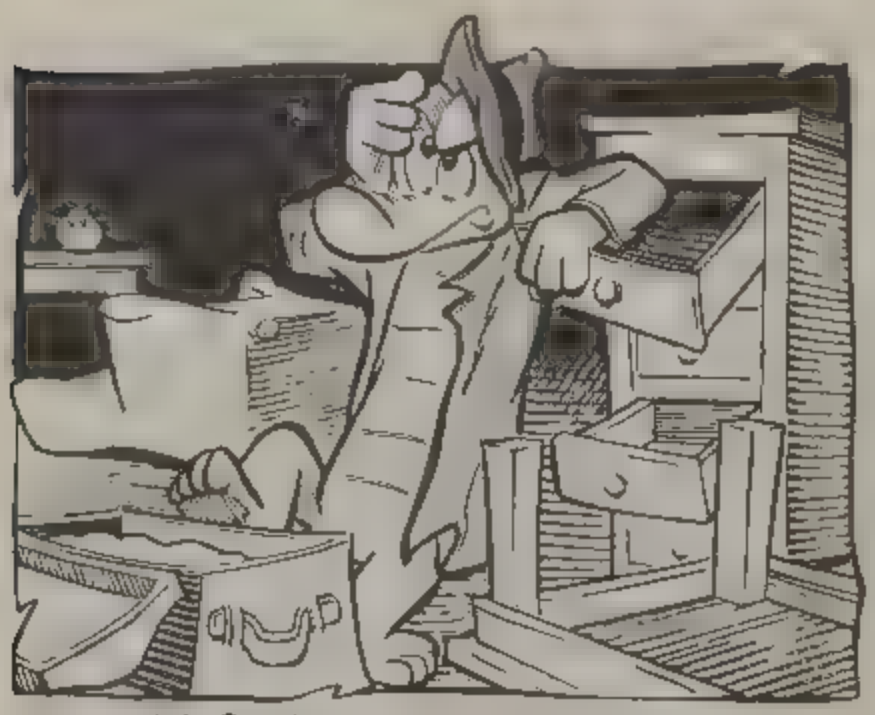
for my trained brain to reveal her whereabouts.



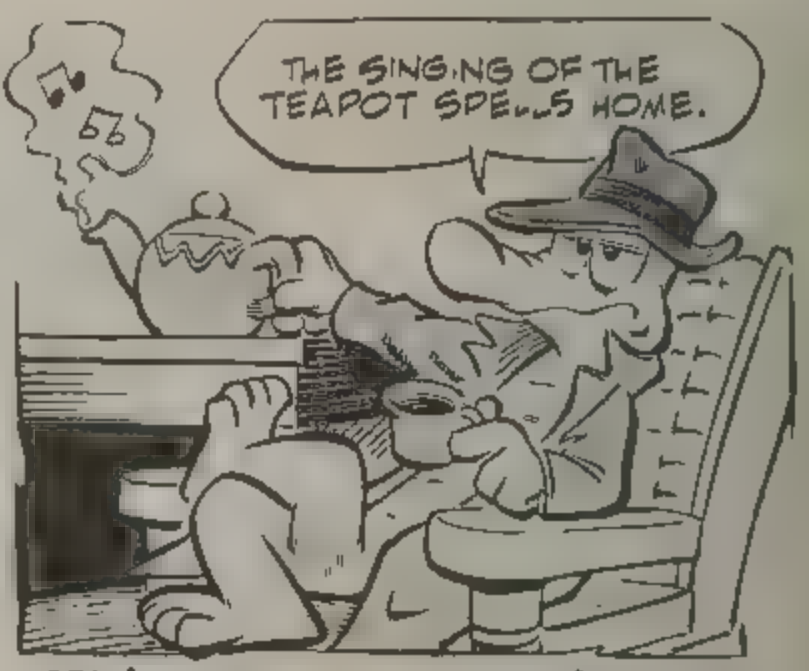
I would find her or my name was not Sir Anthony du Quoit, Earl of Ipswitch.



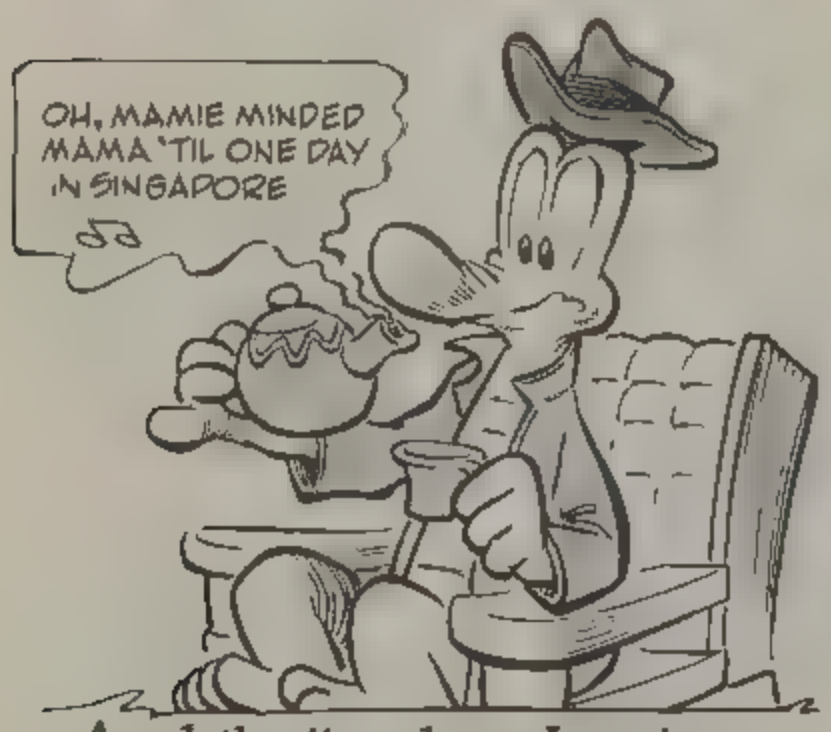
In fact, I would find her or my name was not Count Maori di Vanderburst, scion of Parsa.



I would find her or my name was not Ober-Colonel Ludwig O'Shea of the Light Horse Marines.



Things were not going so good today...I decided... I reached for the stuff.



And that's when I got a big surprise---the teapot was a contralto.

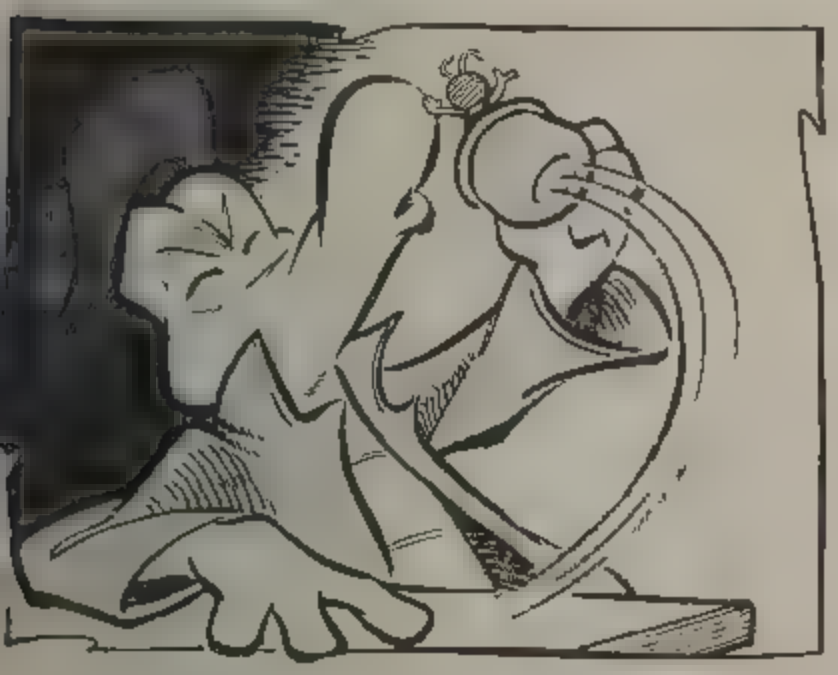
The voice reminded me of her, whom---uh she, what--um, the girl what vanished, *Viola!*

I was desperate---my eyes closed and I poured a heavy dose.

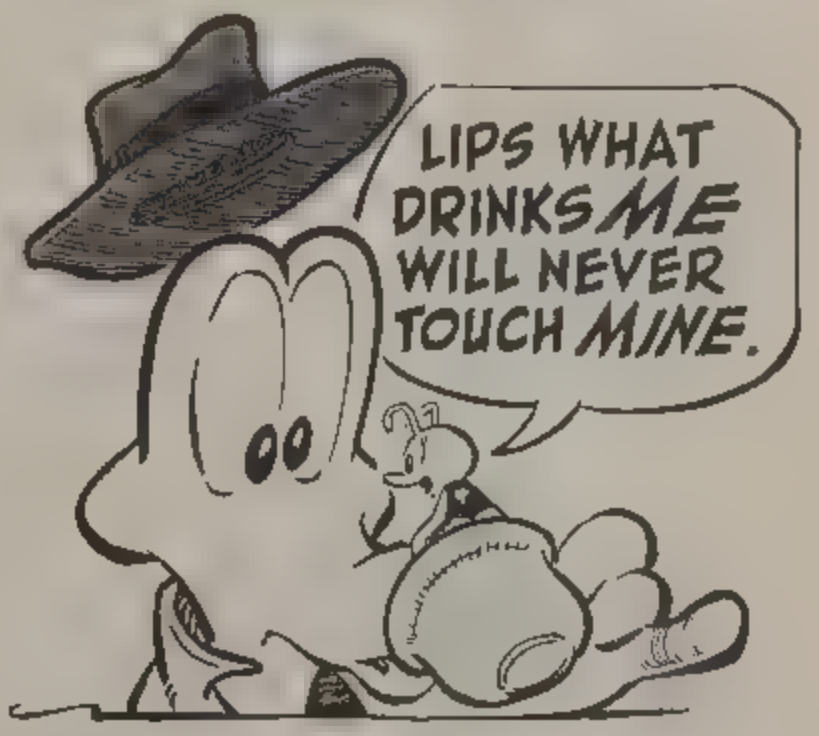
Suddenly---seemingly from nowhere, I heard a voice---it implored me not to drink.

I thrust the stuff from me. Her voice filled my ears--- resolutely I made up my mind.

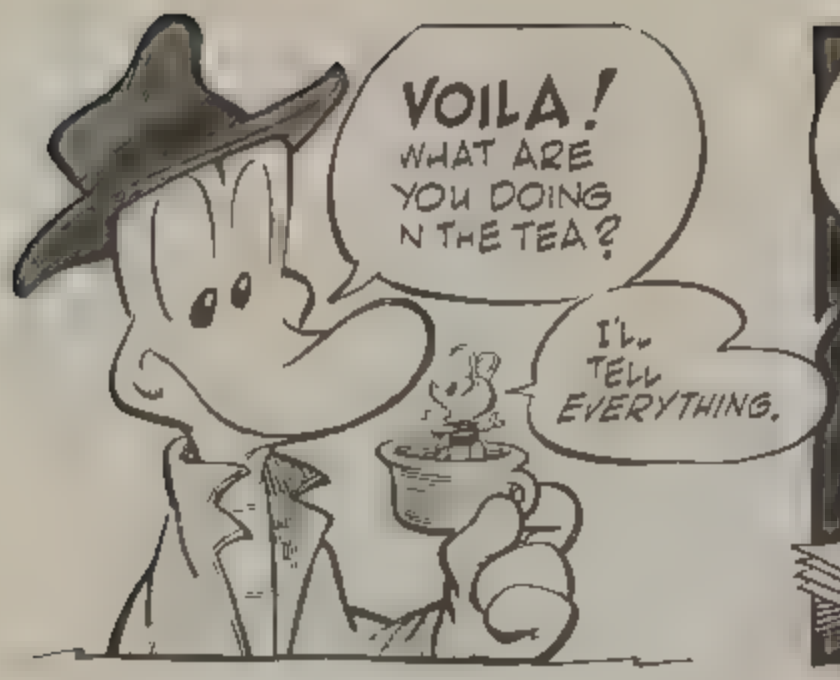
This thing could be licked. The voice became unbearable.



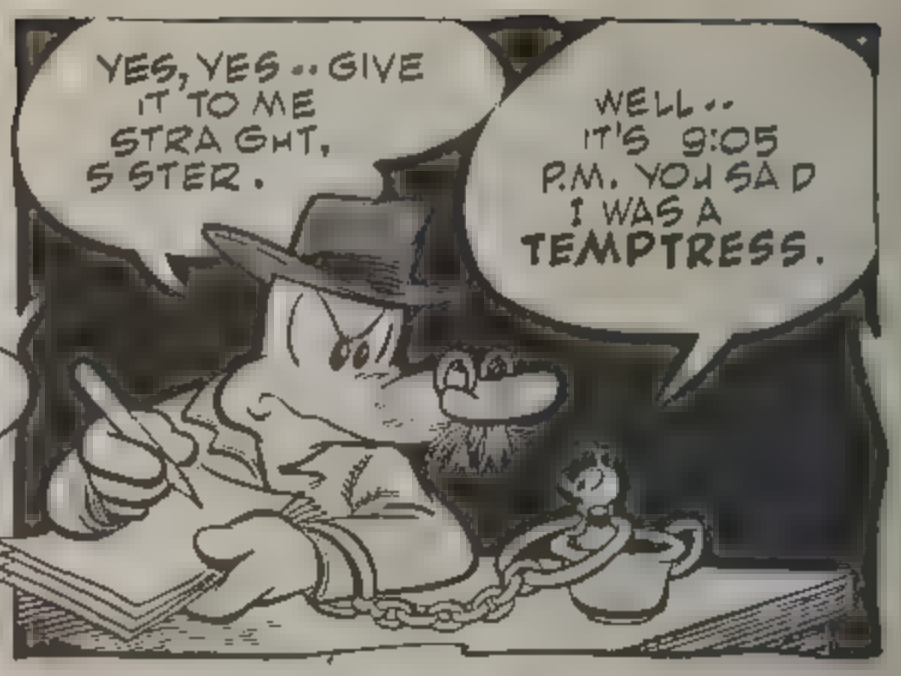
I won the fight quickly---I dashed the cup to my lips.



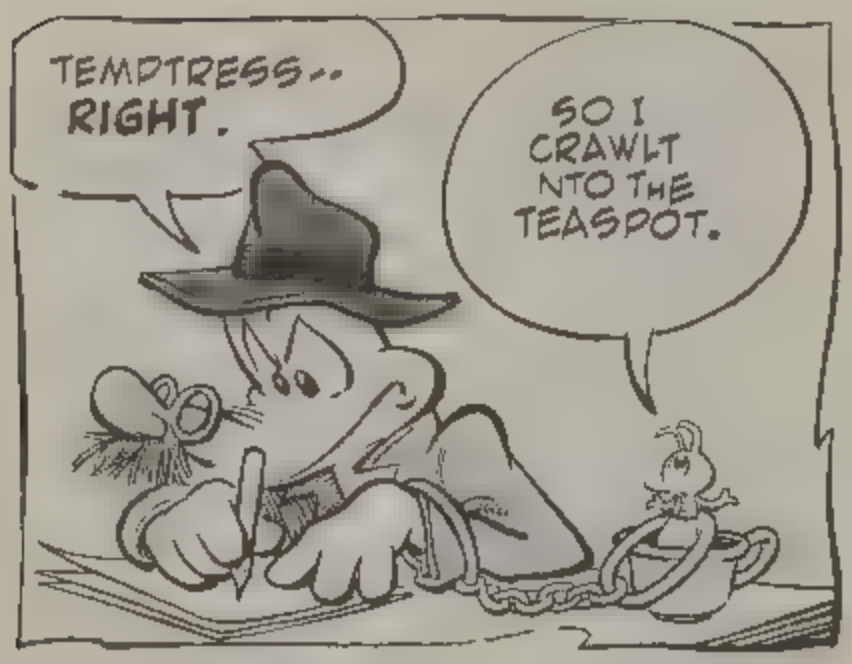
But there was a fly in the ointment...



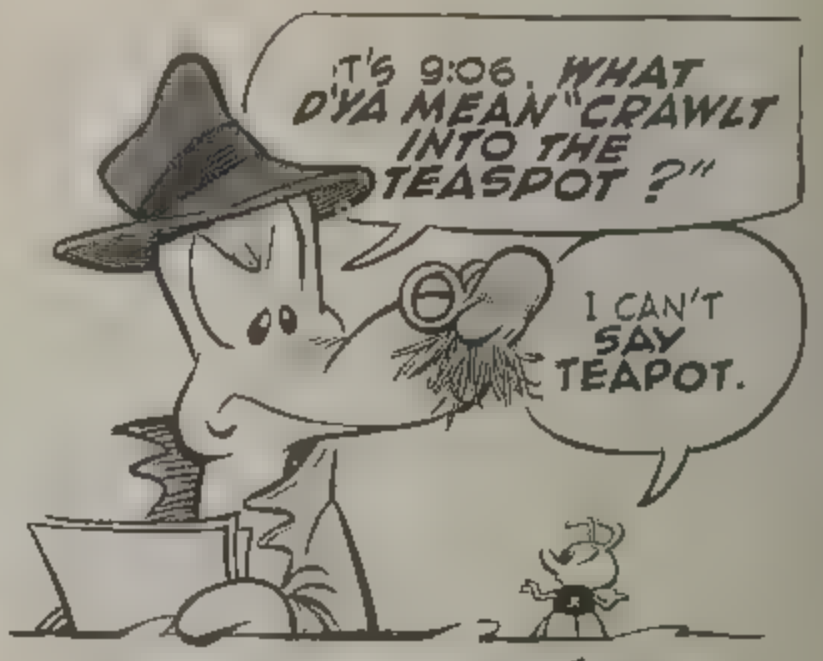
It was Viola.



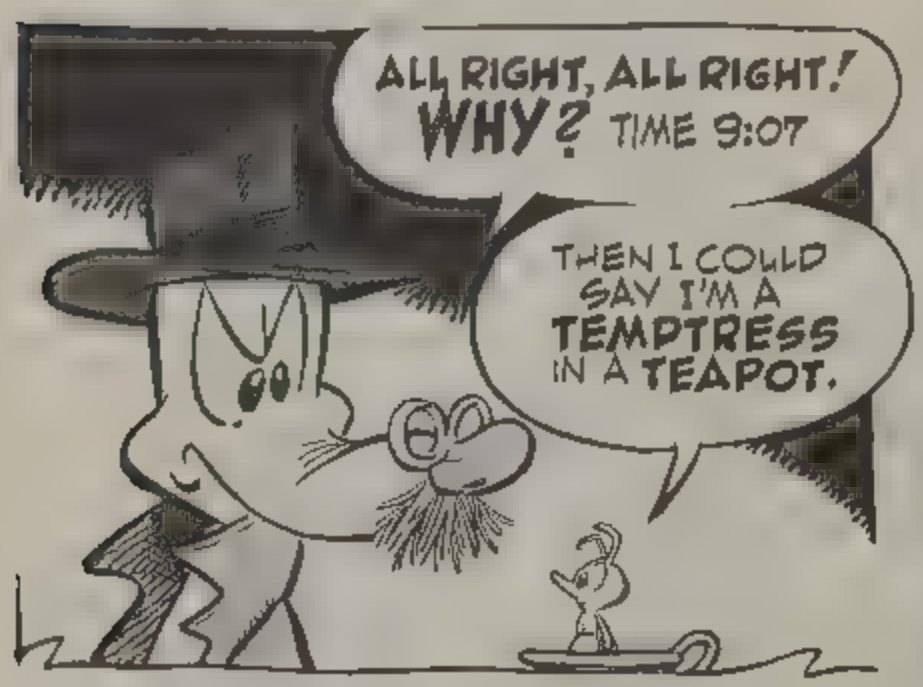
I whipped out pad and pencil, finger-print powder, a false nose, my bracelets...



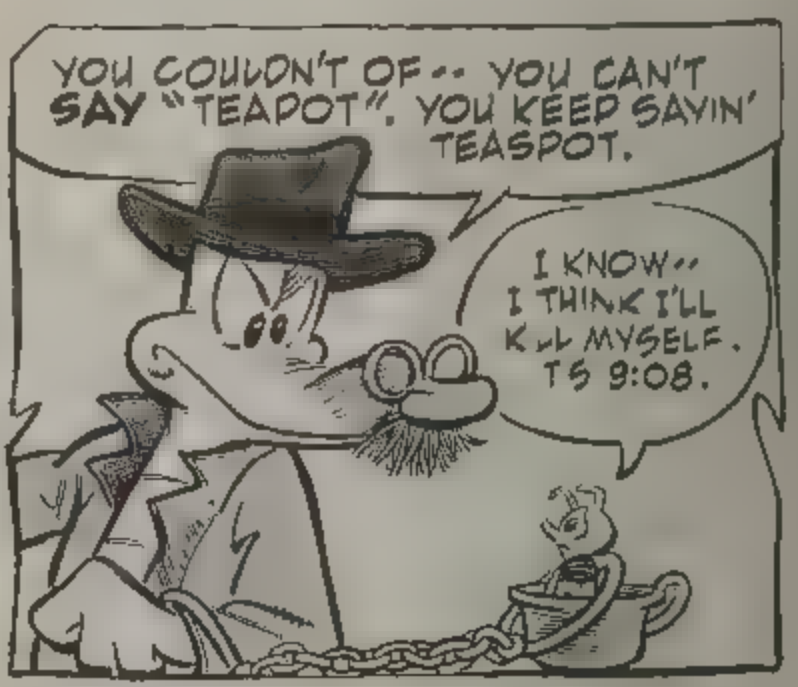
Flanagan would be surprised when I brought in this baby.



Flanagan was *always* surprised when anybody brought anybody in.

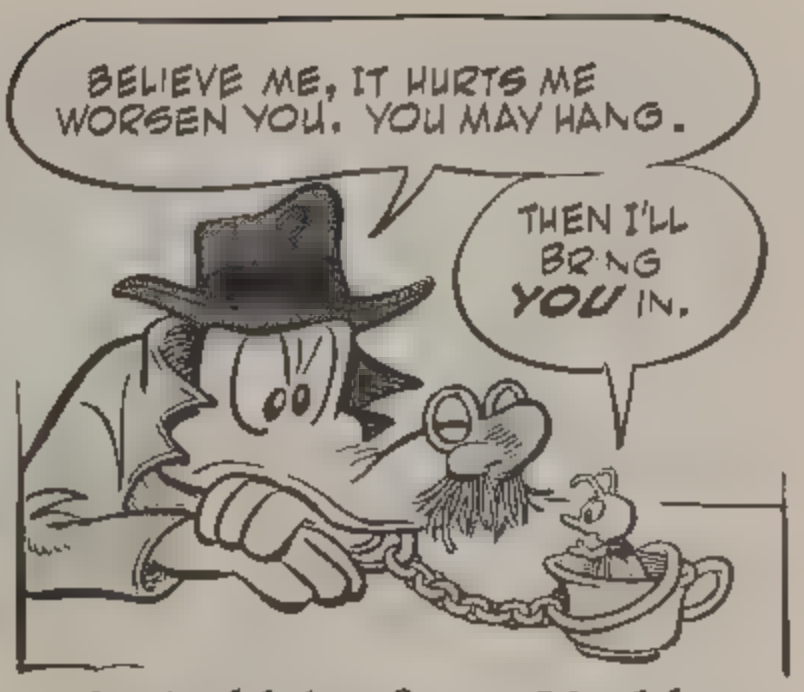


Trouble with Flanagan was he didn't know he was a cop.



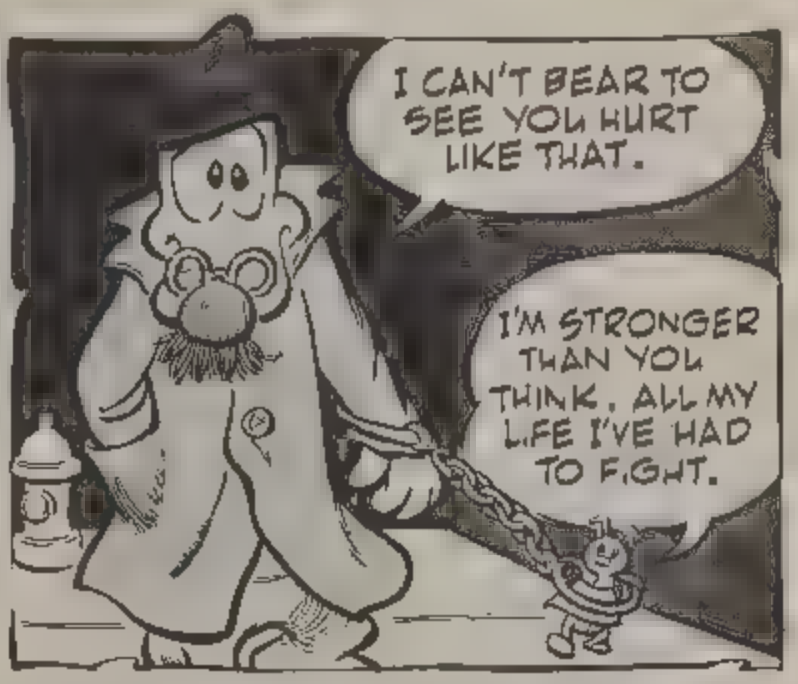
He thought he had a job in a zoo. Always loved animals, he always said.

When he asked for a job with the city they give him a job with the city.



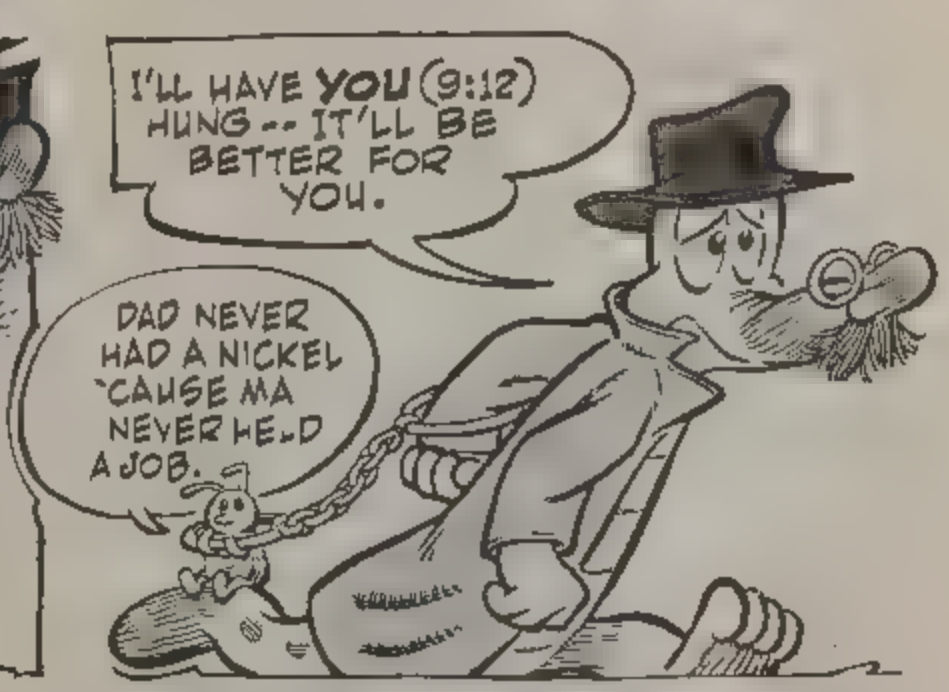
Suited him fine. Big blue suit---lots of cages---but no elephants.

What we need, Flanagan always said, is a elephant and maybe a tiger or a couple lions.

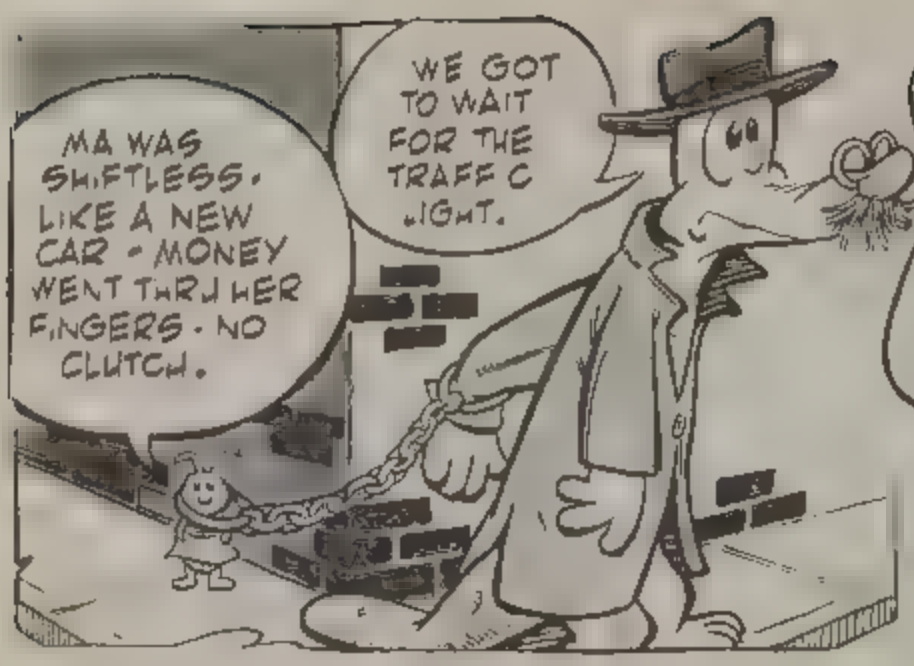


You can't book no wild beasts, we always said. But this Flanagan said we had no go.

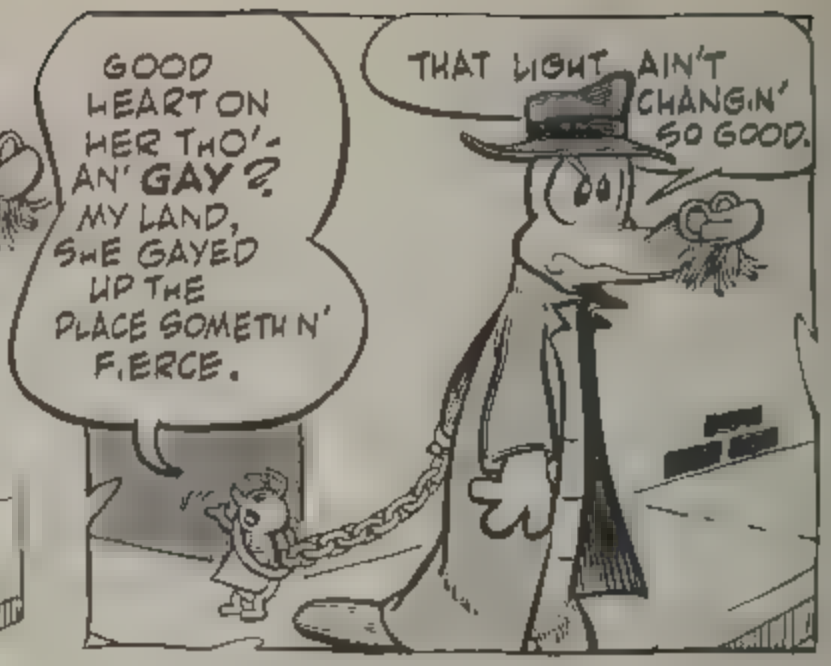
You guys got no go in you, he always said. You guys will never get nowheres.



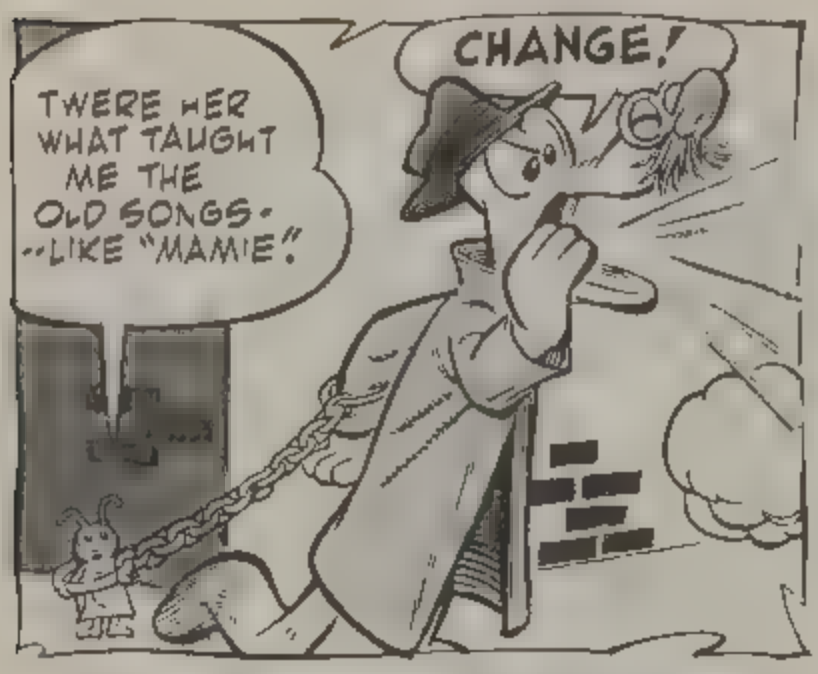
All you bring in is murderers, robberers, and maybe plain bums. Who comes to see *them?* Some zoo!



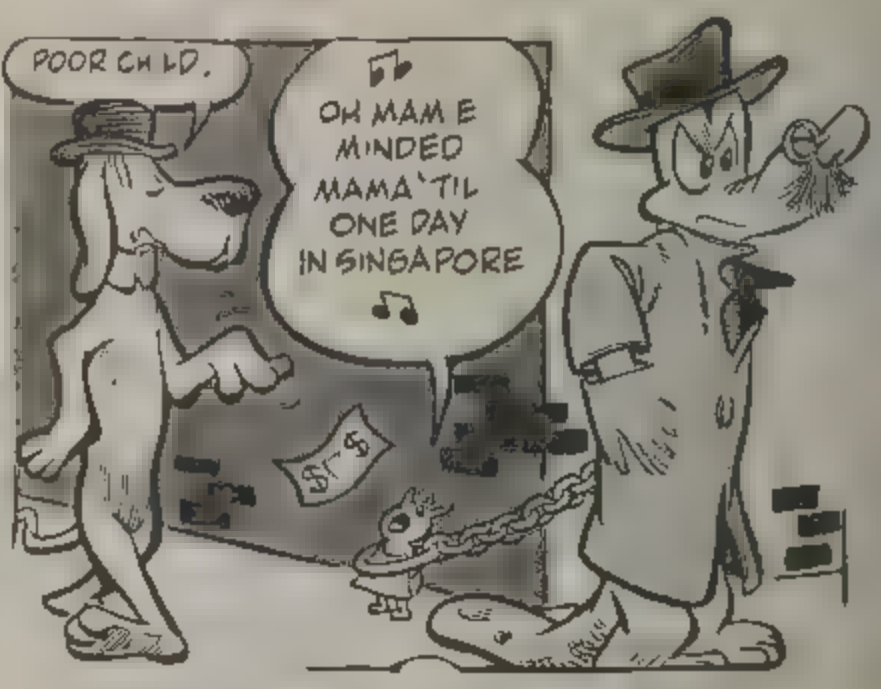
A zoo gotta have real beasts and maybe birds or seals in it, he said, but he didn't know...



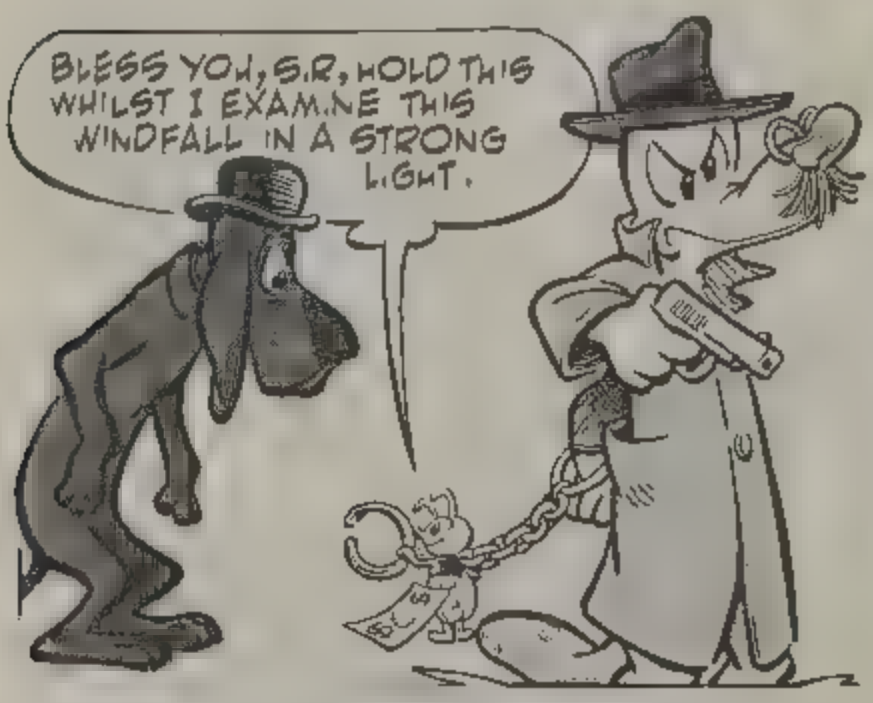
He didn't know he wasn't no cop. Gee, it was a real laugh to see him shoving meat thru the bars.



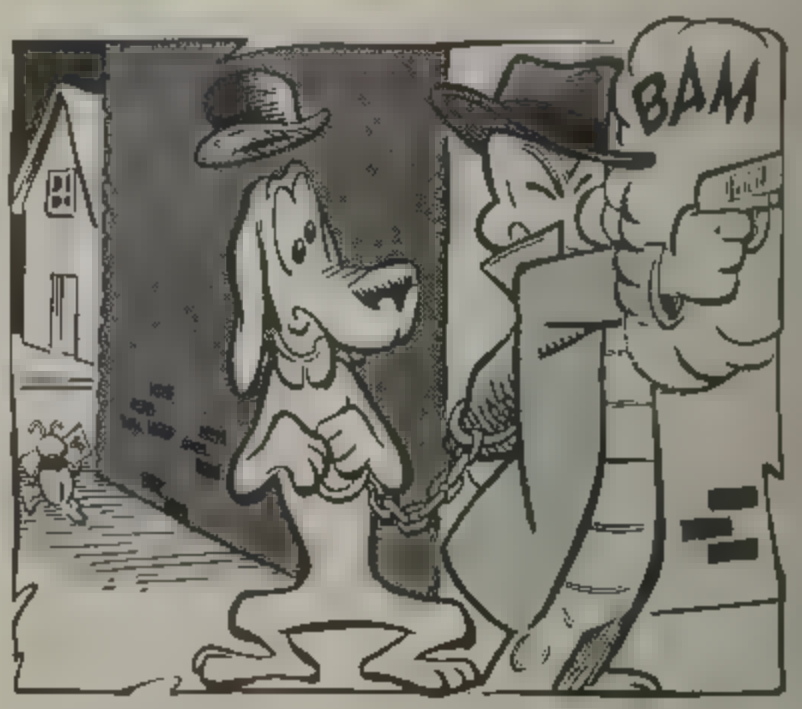
One day the police chief is dropping a dime and, like the lady she is, Mrs. Clara Police Chief...



Is bent over picking up her husband's money when Flanagan sees her and says hot dog...

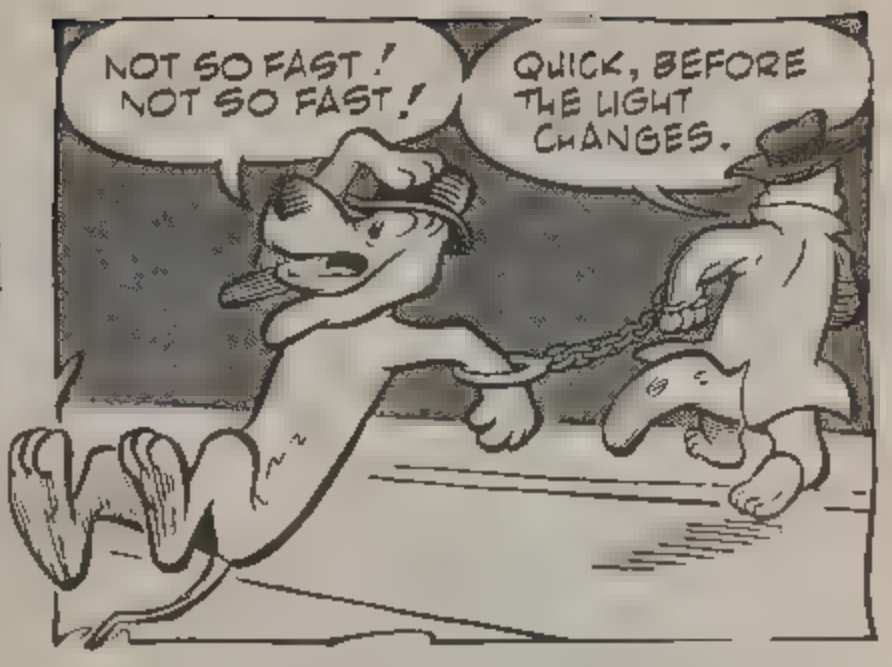


At last at least we got a hippopotamus. When Mrs. Police Chief straightens up..

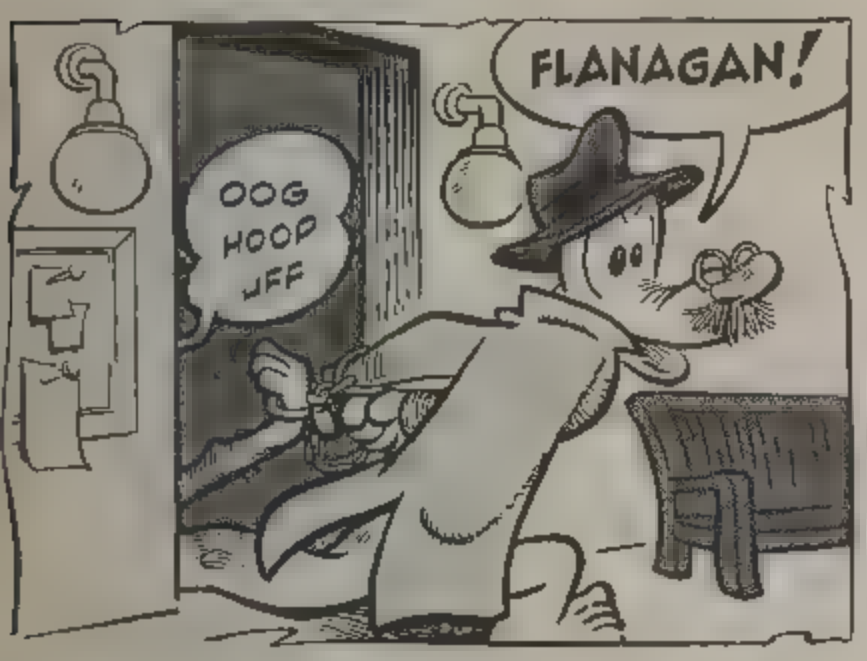


She's got a broom---and well, that was Flanagan all over.

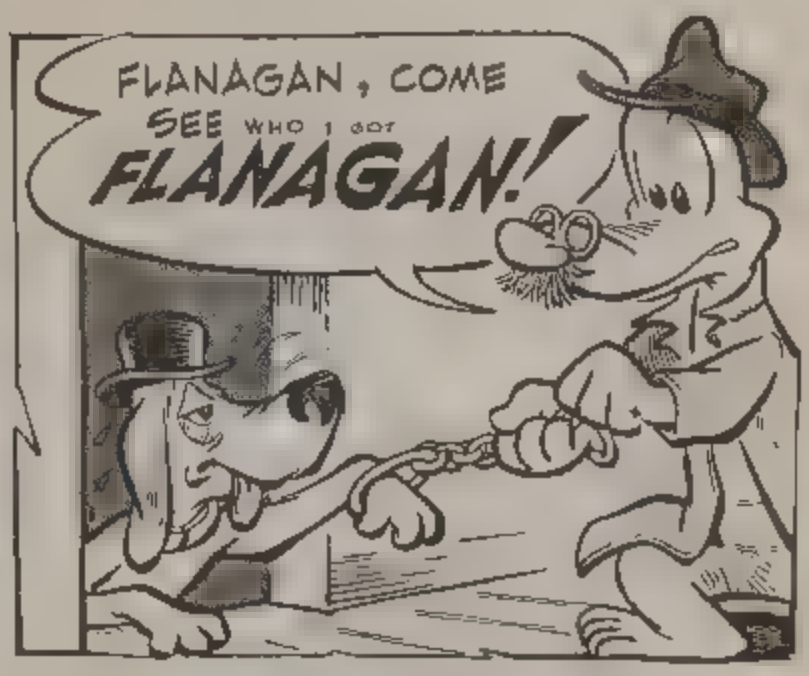
He'd be a surprised man *this* time when he saw who I'd brung in...



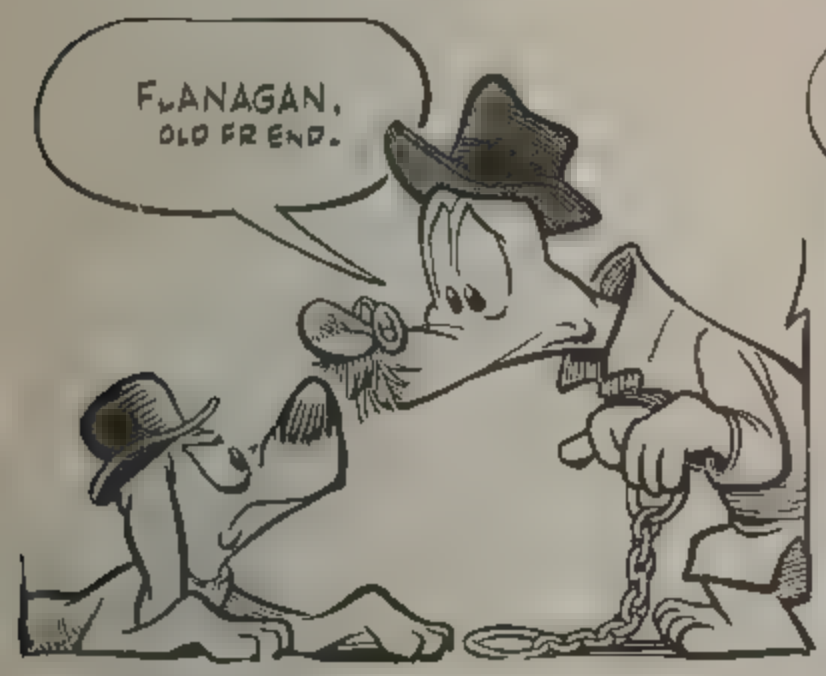
If the tables were turned I'd probably be surprised myself.



I dashed into the station house and hollered for him.



He was nowhere to be found. Just a zoo keeper---then I saw him.



Surprise was no word for it---Flanagan was *almost* cold.

All I can say is it learnt him a lesson---he started acting like a cop right off.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

1

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

2

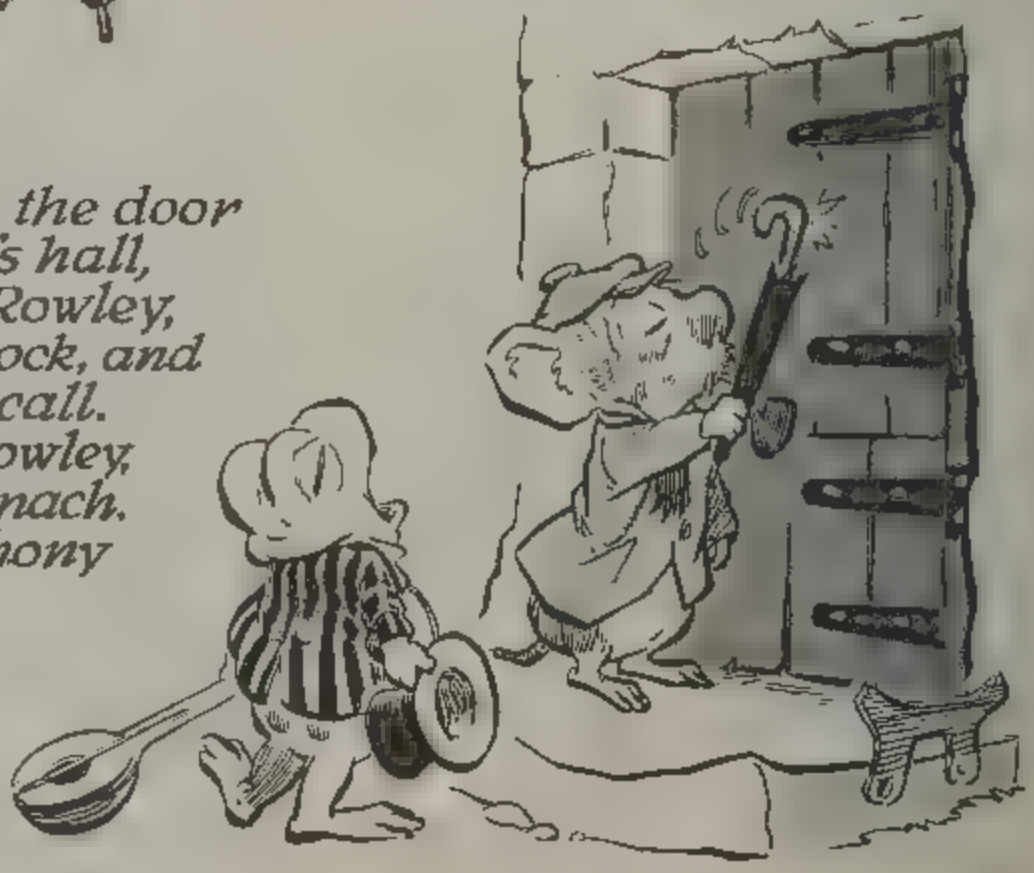
So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

3

Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

4

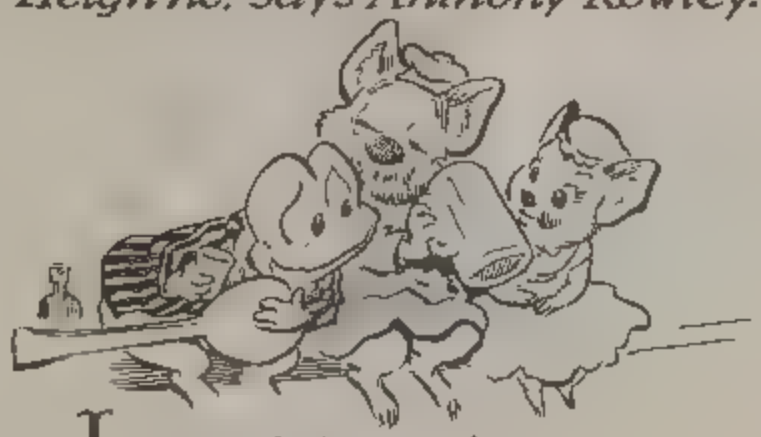
When they came to the door
of Mousey's hall,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and
they gave a loud call.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach.
Heigh ho! says Anthony
Rowley.



5. *Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?*
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
Oh yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

6. *Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?*
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
For Froggie and I are fond of good cheer.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
*Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.**

7. *Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?*
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
Let it be something that's not very long.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.



8. *Indeed, Mrs. Mouse, replied Mr. Frog,*
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

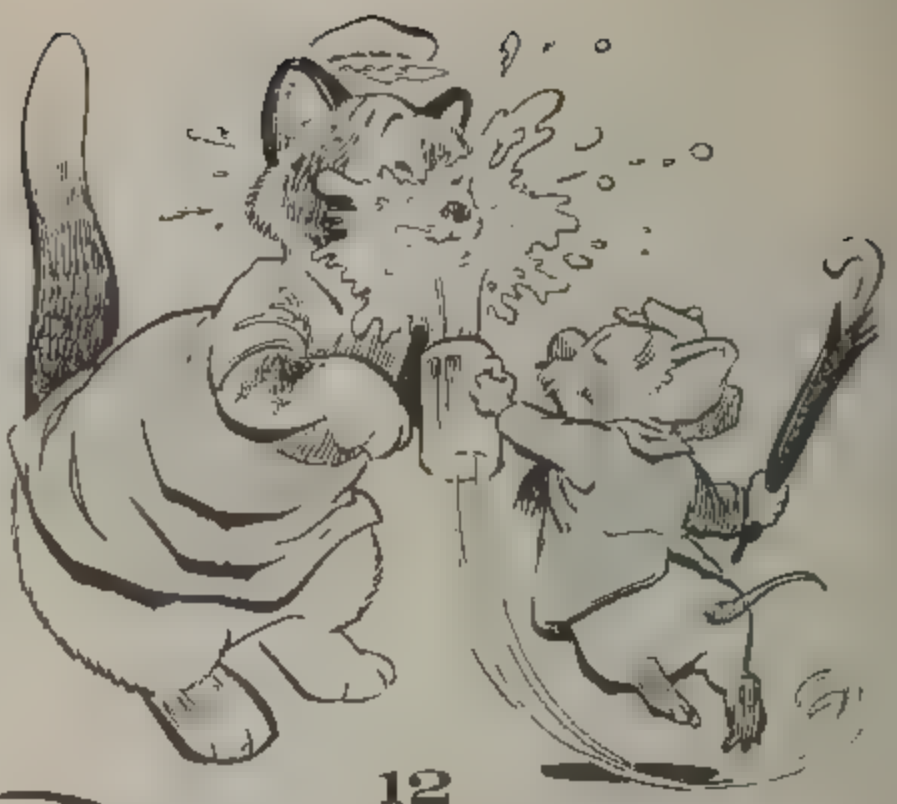
9. *Since you have a cold, Mr. Frog, Mousie said,*
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
I'll sing you a song that I have just made.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

10. *But while they were all a-merry-making,*
Heigh ho, said Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

**This verse is left out in most modern versions, appealing as it does to the basic thirsts instinctive in all children.* "Beer is not for such as you." *Druffle to son John, 1701* "Blood is thicker than water and cheaper than beer" *Hon. Payson Groons* "Letters to Lydia" *(daughter)* 1883.

11

The cat she seized the rat
by the crown,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the
little mouse down.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.



12

This put Mr. Frog in a
terrible fright,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
He took up his hat and he
wished them good-night.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

13

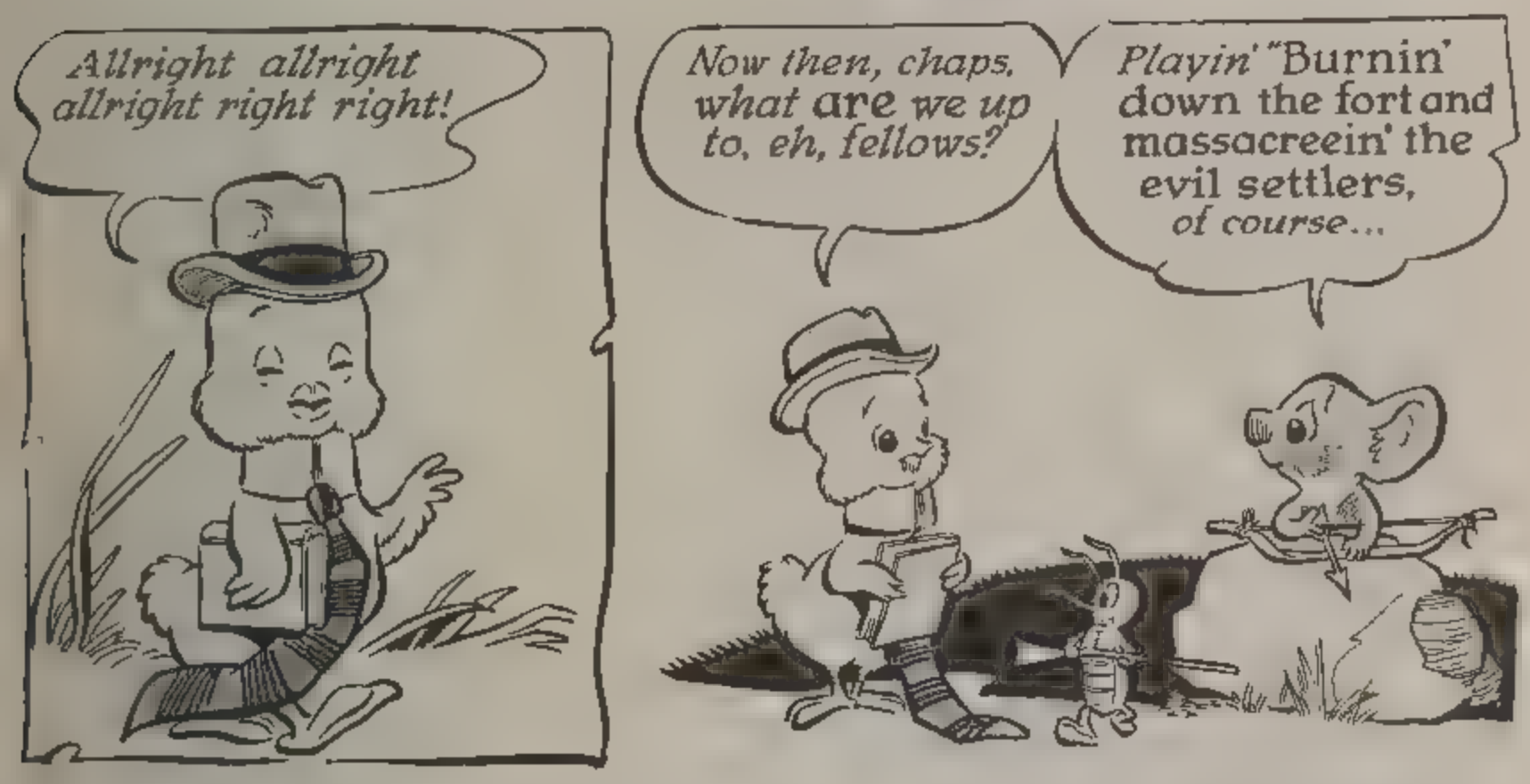
But as Froggy was crossing
over a brook,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and
gobbled him up.
With a rowley, powley,
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

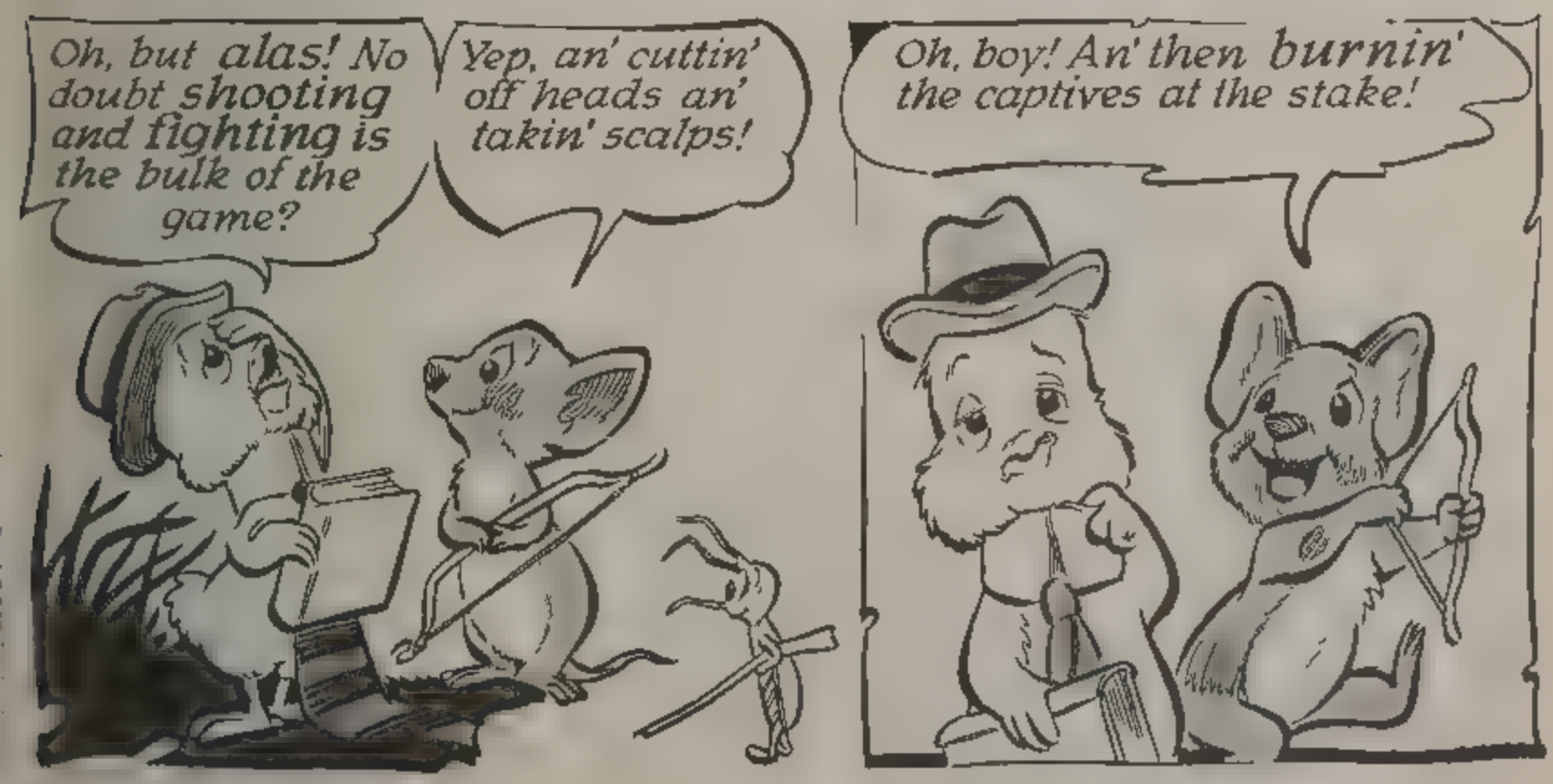
14

So there was an end of
one, two, three,
Heigh ho, says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the
little frog-ee.
With a rowley, powley
gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

THE ACCOUNT *of the* WOOFUL FROG

("Heigh ho!" says A.Rowley)


Allright allright allright right right!
Now then, chaps, what **are** *we up to, eh, fellows?*
Playin' "Burnin' down the fort and massacreein' the evil settlers, *of course...*

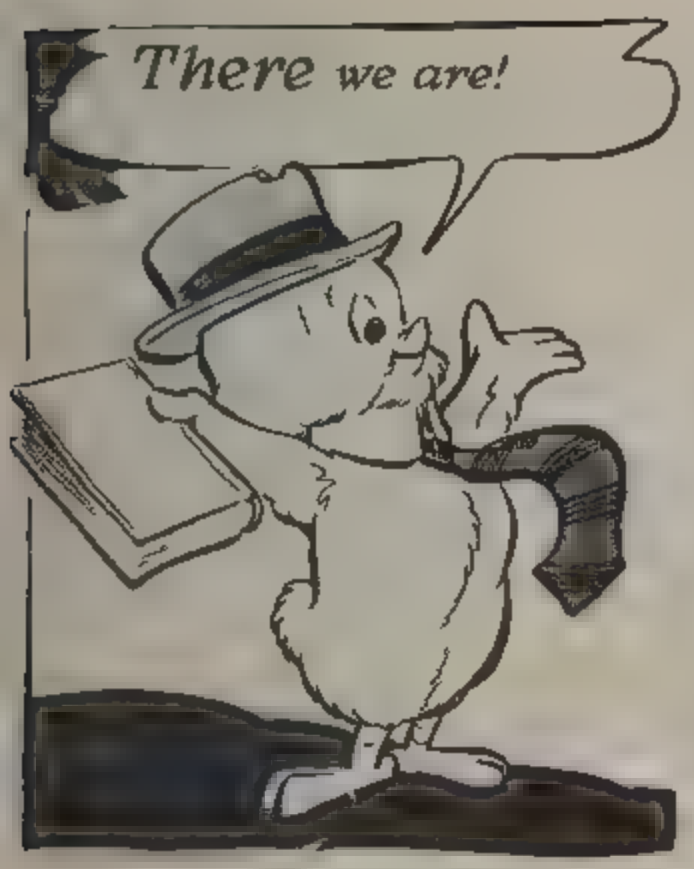

Oh, but **alas!** *No doubt* **shooting** *and* **fighting** *is the bulk of the game?*
Yep, an' cuttin' off heads an' takin' scalps!
Oh, boy! An' then **burnin'** *the captives at the stake!*

Oh, what is the modern youth coming to?
Come on, Chicken Little, here comes the rest of the Indians. You can join up and help us attack a wagon train.

Desist, my friends! Desist! Cease your bloodthirsty ways!
Huh?

Stop! Stop, I say, before you do irreparable harm!

Let me hide mine eyes for a twinkling---then, my friends, when I look again at your innocent faces let me see there the great big beautiful smiles we love so well instead of those nasty frowns.


There we are!

There we are?

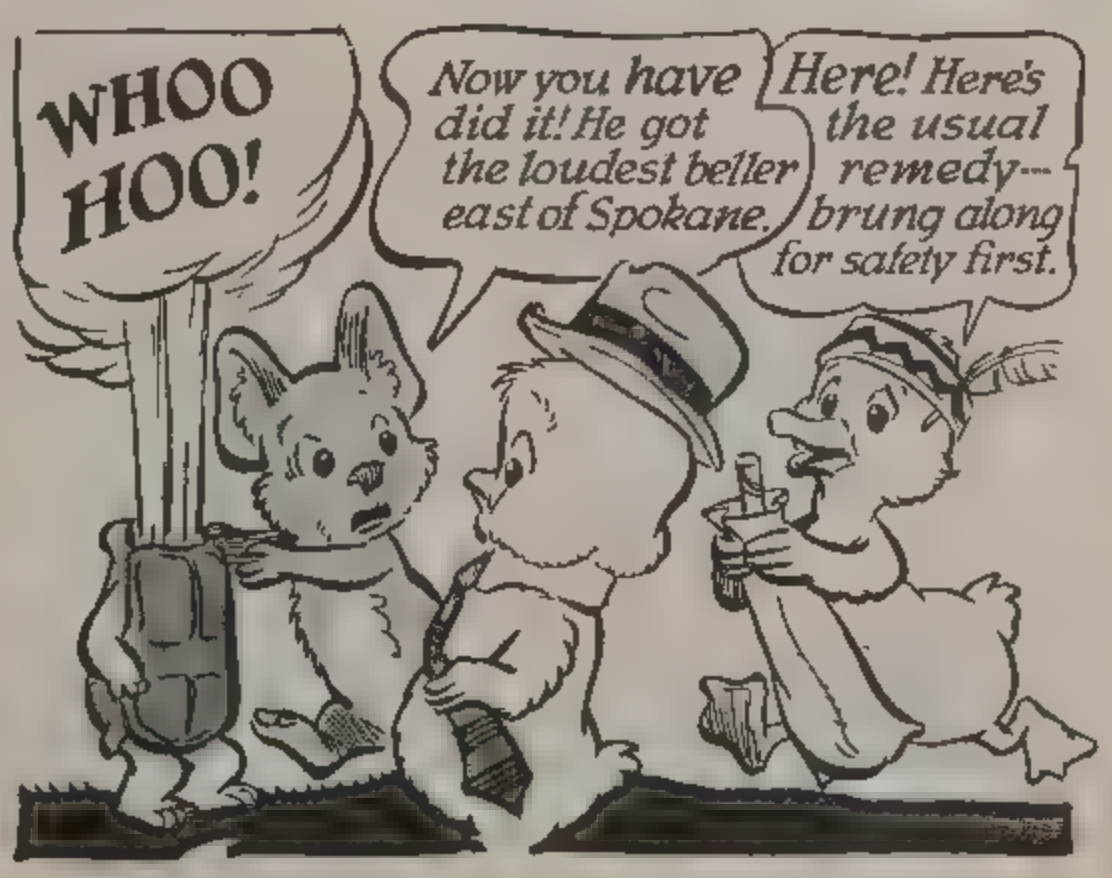
There we are?

At least you should smile.

Why?

Because I'm bigger'n you!

WAW!


WHOO HOO!
Now you have did it! He got the loudest beller east of Spokane.
Here! Here's the usual remedy--brung along for safety first.

Quick! Quick, afore he catches his breath again!

He let off a blast once what had all the men in Scranton quittin' work at 10.30 A.M.

That's got it---now hold her steady.

Watch out for yo' fingers.

GLOBBLE GOBBLETLY YUMMITY GROOBLE CRUNK GUG MP N

Yep, I 'members ol' one thumb Brophy.

MWOORP! Crunkle bunkle grindy gobble gub glug

M!

You see, you chaps play too rough---your little minds are torn with myriads of tortured violent dream-play actions...

I'll be dogged'

Sho' nuff?

Such influences on your conscious and unconscious are rep, I might say, re-hensible---now I have here a playlet.

Concocted from the wonderful poem for happy little hearts, "A frog he would a-wooing go," and, ha ha, if I hear cries of "Author, author," I shall be forced to take a bow--- er, heh heh!

Did he say he'd be forced to take a powder?

Let's keep our fingers crossed.

Now here are your parts! You'll agree, I'm sure, that this is great good fun! One for you---and you---there we are, fellows.

Now perhaps you, sir, can borrow a hat--we'll need an an apron, too, and then we're off!

Already we're off.

♫ Places, everyone! ♫

Ready? One, two, three--- A frog he would a-wooing go.

Heigh ho! says Rowley.

Rowley?

Yeah, who's Rowley?

Whether his mother would let him or no.

Who's Rowley?

You're supposed to say: with a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach!

Spinach?! ugh--make it broccoli!

Sure--it rhymes with Rowley better.

You, there---ready for the second verse -now you meet the rat...

Who did he say Rowley was?

Must be a member of a law firm--- Rowley, Powley, Gammon and Spinach.

So off he set with his opera hat.

Heigho, says Rowley!

And Gammon!

And on the road he met with a rat!

Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

Wait for Powley and Spinach.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you come with me?"

Heigho says Rowley.

This Rowley is a noisy rascal.

When they came to the door of Mousey hall,

Hooha, says Rowley!

Who's Mousey Hall?

A friend of Rowley?

They gave a loud knock and they gave a loud call,

Yahoo, says Powley an Spinach!

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?

Heigho, says Rowley.

I ferget what I'm s'pose to do.

Just a dogbone minute!

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

That must be Rowley, the father of the bride.

No, he's a landlord type.

What's a big idea sendin' that kid frog off to woo a married woman? "Mrs. Mouse," it says.

It's traditional! And stop monkey wrenchin' the play!

The turtle chile don't look much like a mouse, anyway.

She been sick, maybe.

Where's her husband? They won't let you get off the train with a cast like this in Boston! It's shameful!

Fie to you and double fie to Boston!

Later on you got a duck writ in---I refuse to play the part until you clean up the---

Fie to you and fie fie to Boston!

See? He's gonna fie to Boston; not takin' the train at all.

They'll never let him land.

I'll play the part of the duck myself---your part is the cat and three kittens.

I'll picket you crosseyed!

Hooray! says Anthony Rowley.

I'll pull out every duck between here and the Peabody Hotel lobby in Memphis.

Fie to Memphis too!

Now he's goin' to Fie to Memphis!

Rowley may be with some airline!

Let us proceed, gentlemen. But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,

HEIGHO! says Rowley to Powley to Tinker to Evers to Chance!

Dear!

I---I fergit my part!

No wonder! He skup a whole four dozen verses! You left out where we goes in and gets beer!

Beer!?

Oh, but my dear little friends! We must leave out that part. Ho, ho! You must be joshing!

Anyway, I don't have any beer!

What's the differmints? We wouldn't drink it, really.

We demands our rights!

Yeah, an' my part's gone---where the cat an' three kittens eats the rat and Mrs. Mouse.

Oh yes---well, sir, we can reinsert that part, but in the interest of tidiness let us leave out the beer. Shall we proceed?

Heigho, says Rowley!

Good boy, that Rowley

I don't have beer and I've lost my place.

There, there, this'll blow over in a minute.

Sometimes I think you're my only friend. Here I've forgotten my part and--- uh--gulp--

Now, now!

You can't leave out the beer!

Nor me, the cat an' the three kittens!

But --

But you're so nice to me--- You and the other fellow come all this way---I'm s'posed to have beer, but I haven't got it---'tain't your fault!

Aw, jus' forget it.

You're so big and I'm jus' little---I'm spoilin' everything, and you, you're aces to me, jus' aces!

And you're aces with me, too.

Look, just for now, let's figure we're at the point where I, the duck, devour the frog.

Heigho, says Rowley.

Snif --snif---I didn't make much of a mouse anyway---an' then I forgot my part an' gulp an' lost my pl-pl--- gulp!

Aw, now, jus' don't you care, an' 'specially, don't cry!

A lily-white duck came an---

Let him do it his way this time.

GOBBLED HIM UP!

My only friend! My only friend!

With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach!

Hold everything! There he goes!

WHOOT!

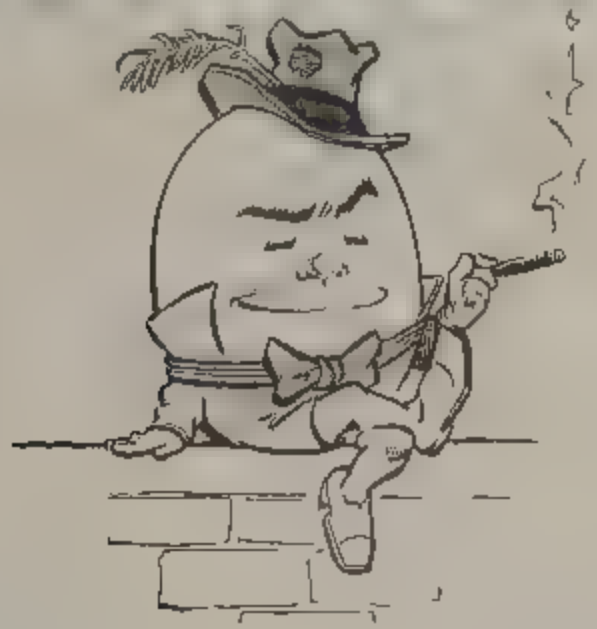
Quick! he's headed for outer space!

It's your fault! Don't come back 'til you round up three-four more candy canes!

Whoot!

With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach.

GLORY



"I don't know what you mean by 'Glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled: "I meant *'there's a nice, knock-down argument for you.'*"

"But 'Glory' doesn't mean 'a nice, knock-down argument'," Alice objected.

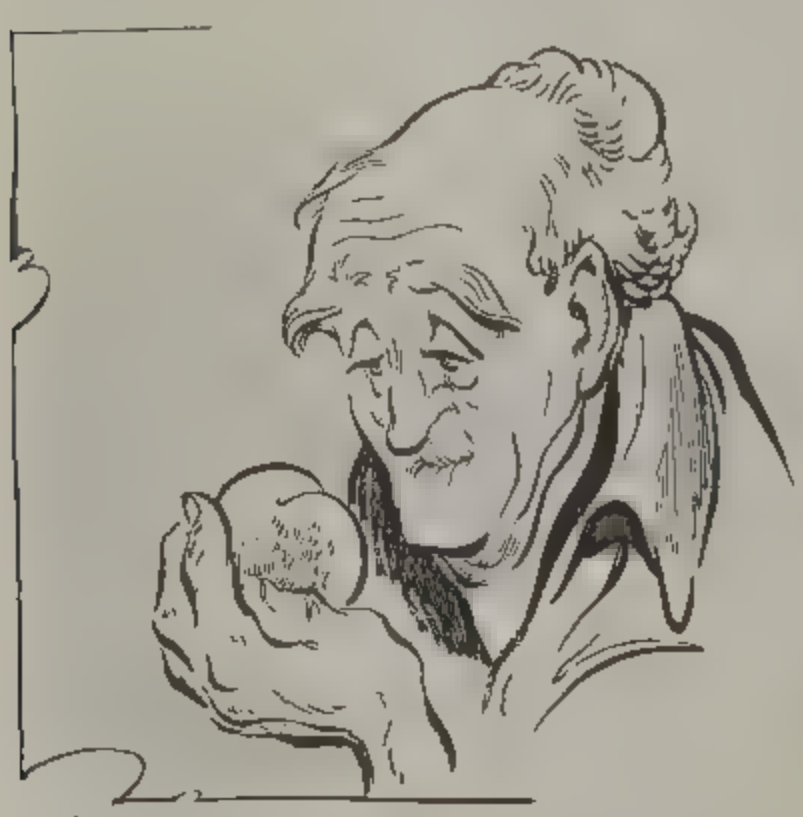
"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, "It means exactly what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master, that's all."

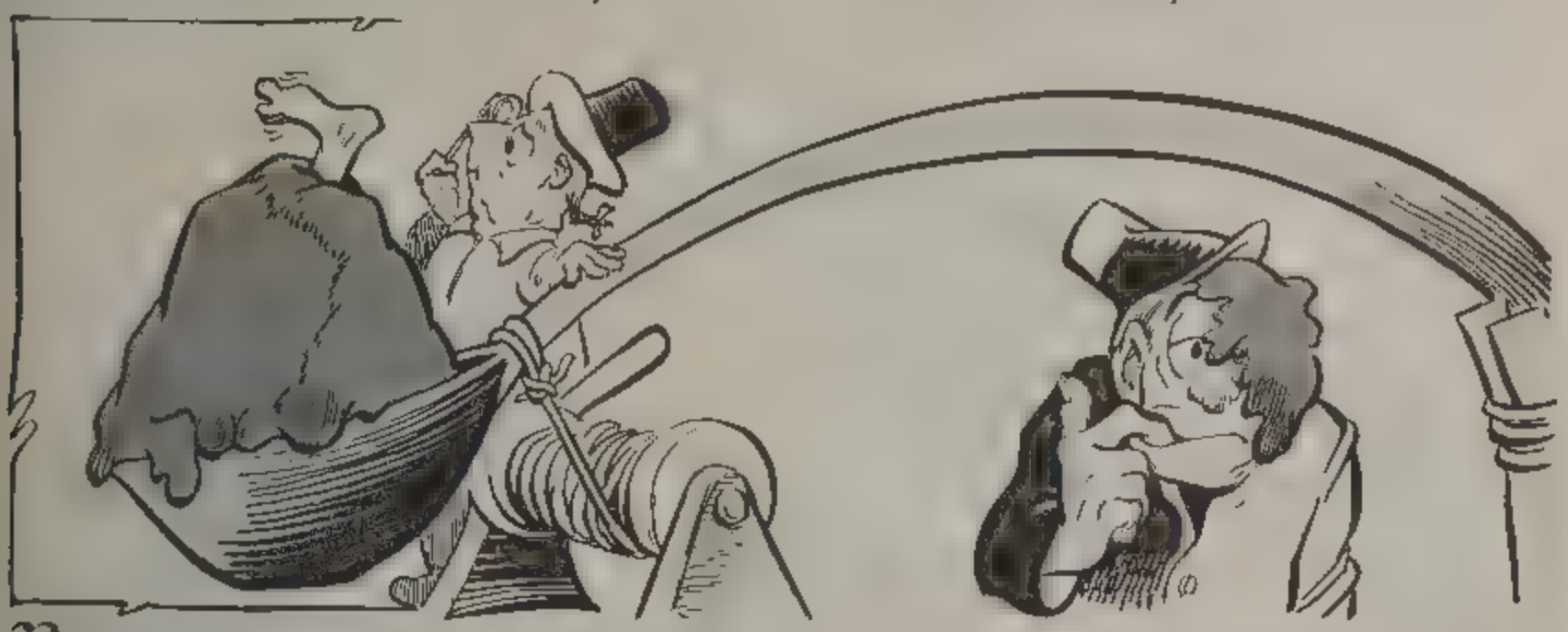
From Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass"

It is true, despite what can be heard to the contrary, that at one time the world was round, or practically round. It all depended on the point of view. Looked at one way: round. Looked at another: egg-shape. Some people said one thing and some people said another. So it was that in this world of Humpty Dumpty the inhabitants split into two camps, The Humptians and The Dumptians. Members of each group felt compelled to throw mud balls at the other. Occasionally someone was bitten.



At some prehistorically important moment a shrewd elder, grown weak of fang, picked up a rotten peach and flung it smartly into the face of an opponent. The pit left a bruise, quite naturally, and the world's first secret weapon had been discovered.

Peach growers did a thriving business for a while and war was an affair not without savor. But then another crafty man discovered that money could be saved and bigger bruises created if a stone was imbedded in an ordinary mud ball.

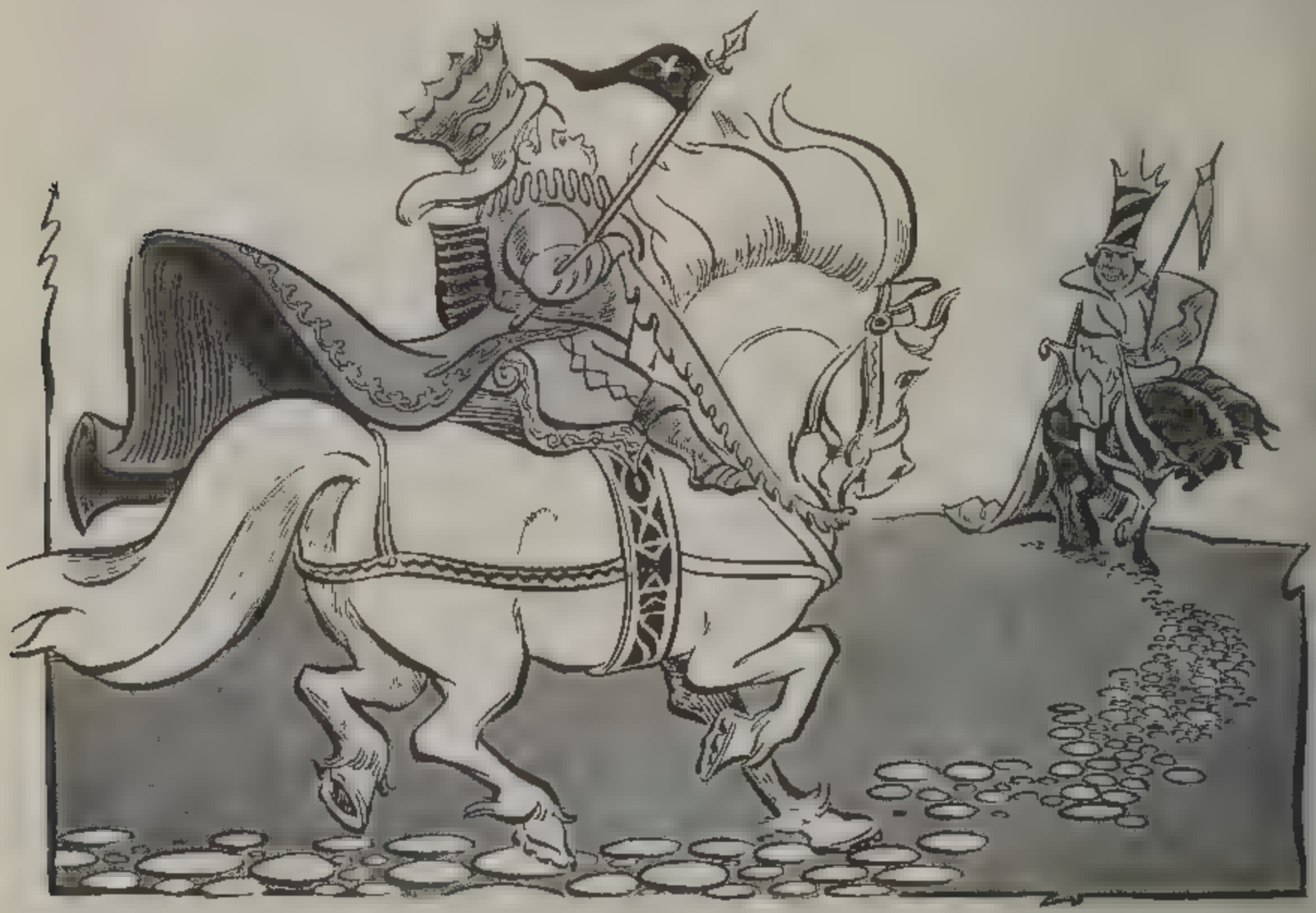


Bigger and bigger mud balls were rolled and bigger and bigger stones were used. Catapults were invented, swords and armor followed and soon war between Humpty and Dumpty was steady business, and not so pleasant. *"It leaves a nasty taste in one's mouth,"* said a Dumptian, spitting mud.

Some women protested that this was a poor way to run a world; the children were growing up with swords in their teeth and mud balls in their hands. *"If we weren't killing the enemy how would anybody make a living?"* quite reasonably asked the husbands.

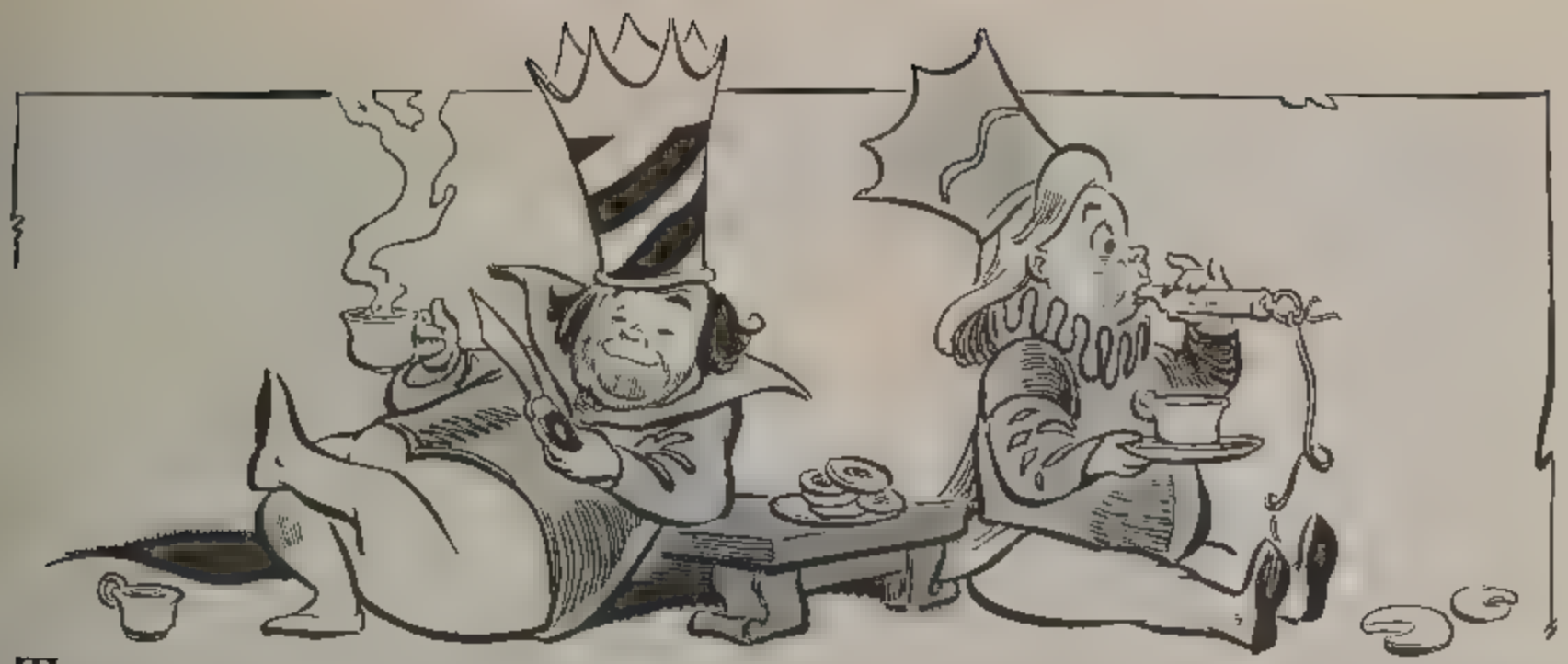
[illegible] MEMORIAL [illegible]

As years went on it became quite apparent that each side was running out of people. There were old people enough, covered with bruises from the small mud ball days, but there was hardly anybody young enough to throw a mud ball any bigger than a pumpkin.



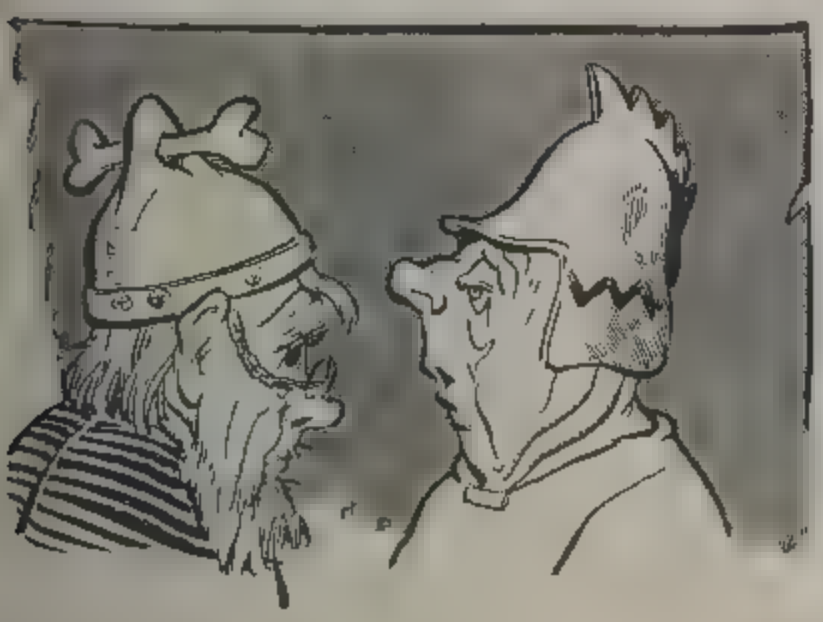
Determined to discuss this sad state of affairs, the King of Humpty dressed in his finest armor and rode out on a creamy white charger to meet the King of Dumpty, who was also bejeweled in shining armor and who sat astride a coal black stallion.

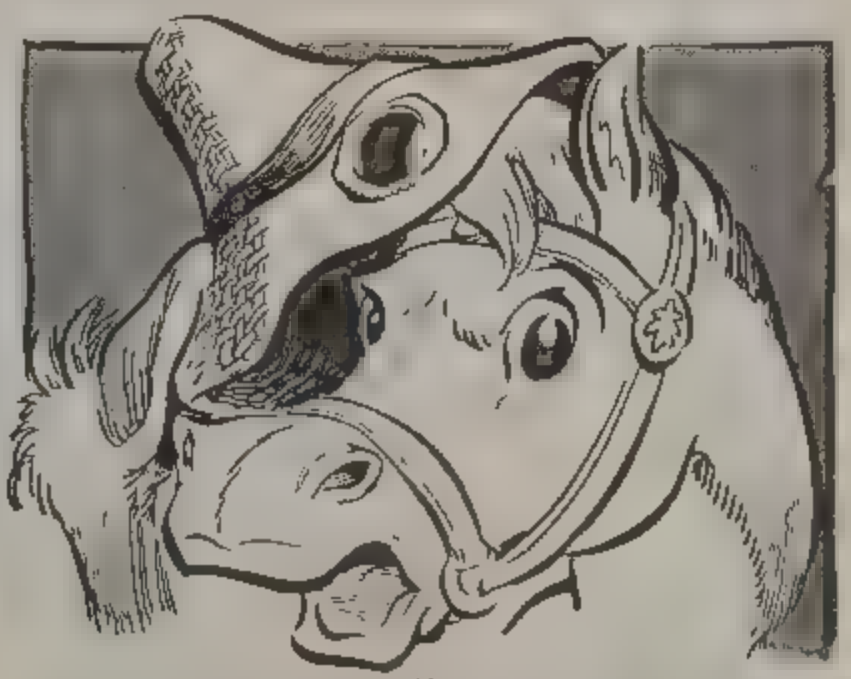
Some people thought they would fight each other and settle the affair but wiser heads pointed out that such an act was a barbarous practice. "*What,*" exclaimed an elder, "*What? Fight all dressed up like that? Why, they'd ruin their clothes!*"



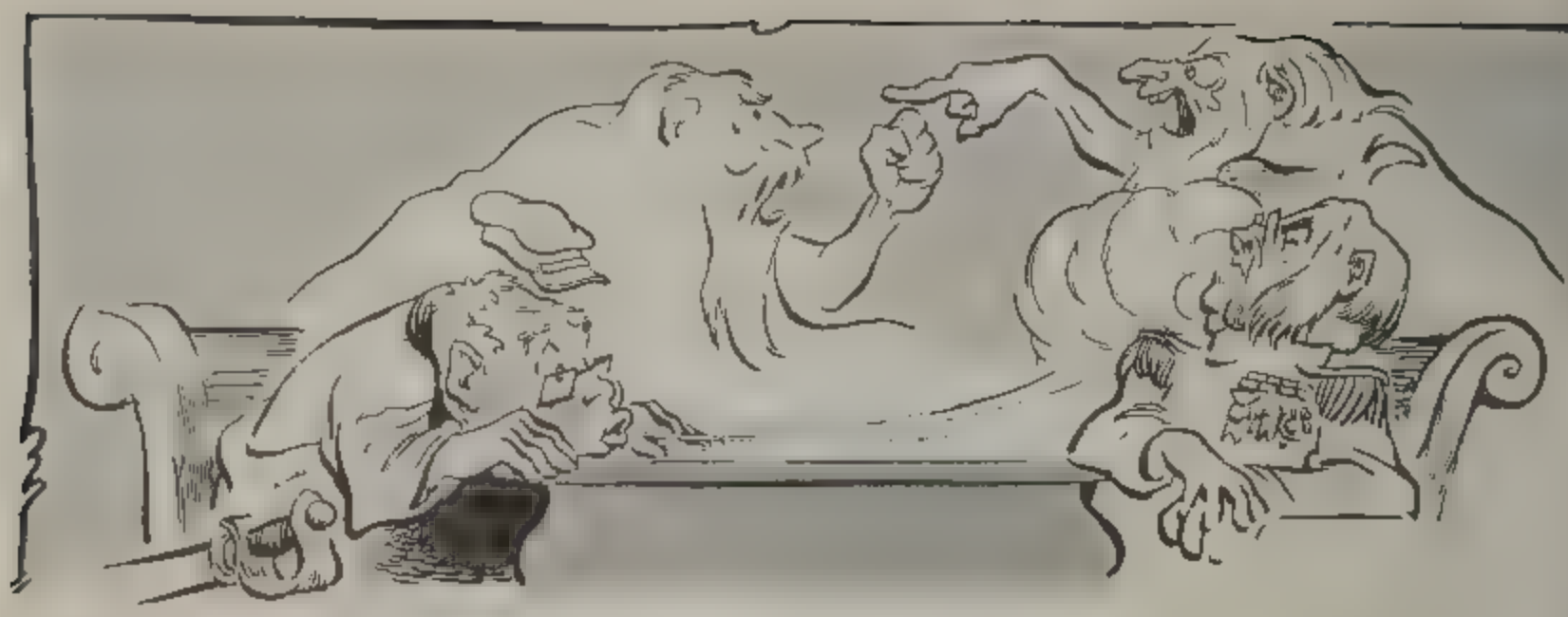
The two Kings parleyed quite a while. They drank many cups of tea together, ate four hundred jam cookies apiece, asked after each other's families and exchanged gifts. The King of Dumpty got a jackknife and the King of Humpty received a police whistle.

None of this diplomacy did any good. The Kingdom of Humpty and the Kingdom of Dumpty remained as far apart as ever. *"If we had any men left to fight... or any women, for that matter,"* said the King of Dumpty, *"We would not have to go through this embarrassing pussyfooting."* And so they parted with the matter unresolved.



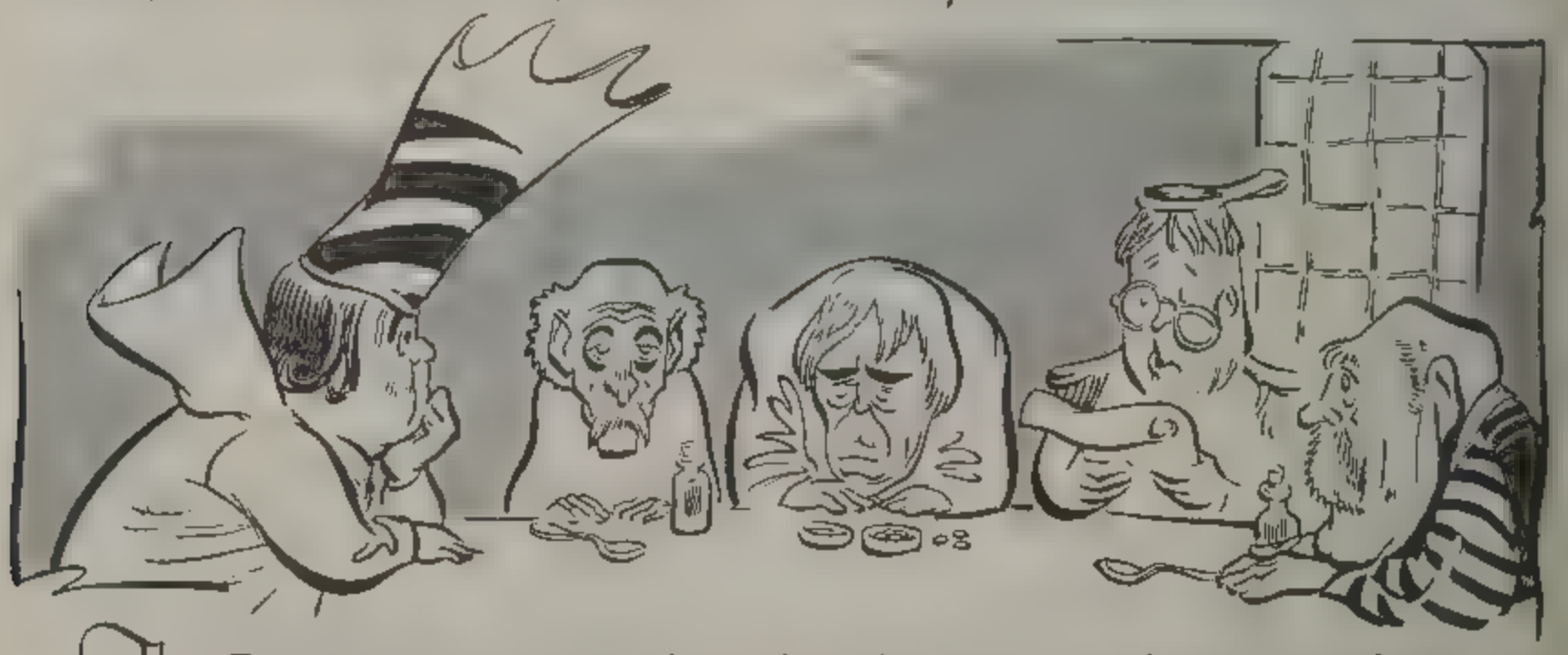


On both sides, all the King's horses (said the King's men) and all the King's men (said the horses) could not put Humpty and Dumpty together again. *"It will take more than THAT!"* declared a well known horse who wished his name withheld.



For many years the Humptians and the Dumptians merely exchanged insults and blew dust at each other. Then everyone grew too feeble for even such exercise.

"*For the greater glory of Humpty,*" said the King of Humpty one morning, "*Before I die, I would like to see peace established.*"
"*Great,*" cried his advisors, "*We will sue for peace this afternoon.*"
"*Not THAT way,*" objected the King, "*We will have one last contest at arms. Our Champion to meet their Champion. Winner take all.*"

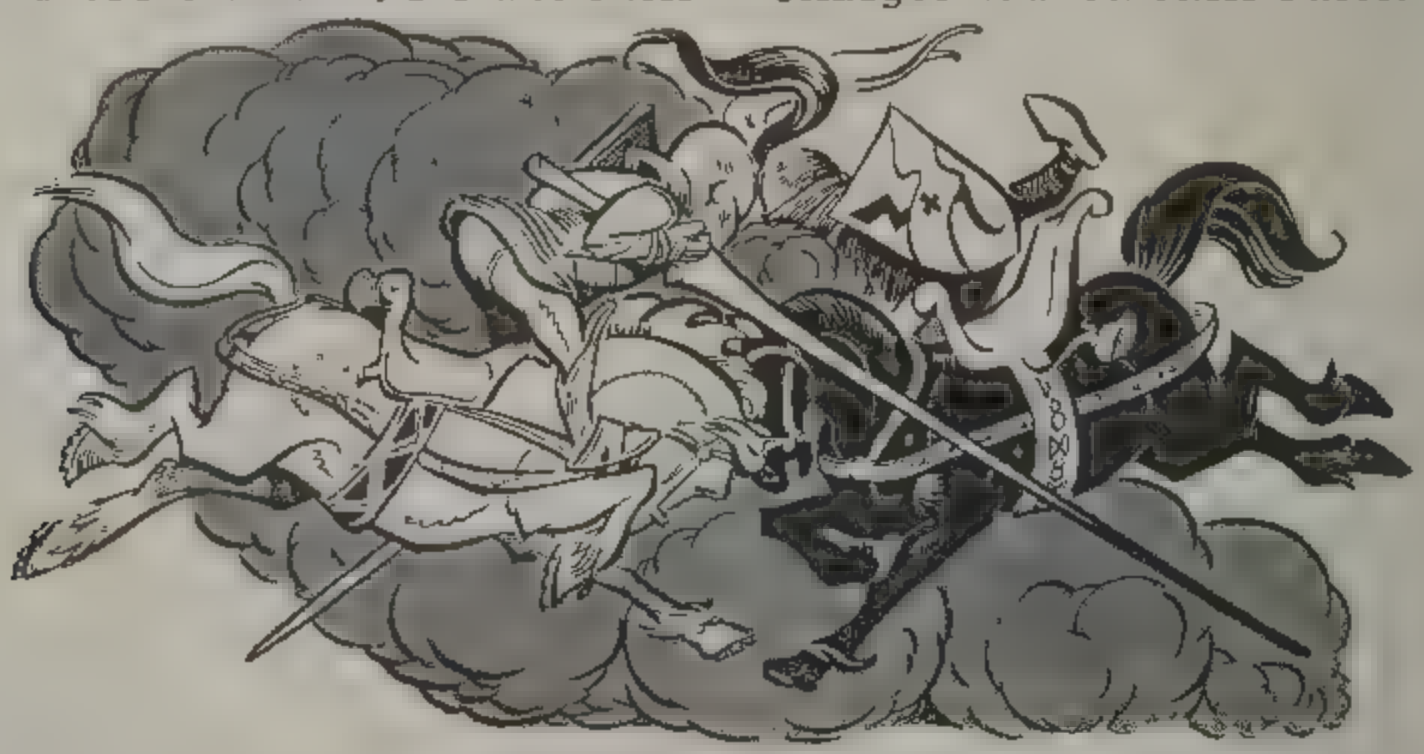


The Dumptians agreed, though in looking at the Humptians and looking at themselves, they could not think there was much for any winner to take in any case.

The morning of the Great Contest arrived. The only able bodied human in the Kingdom of Humpty was brought into the King's courtyard. This was a small boy, not more than three years of age. *"Is THAT all you could find to be our Champion?"* exclaimed the King. *"Surely there must be a man here willing and able who will volunteer to ride out to meet the Dumpty Hero."* But not an eye was raised and several advisors fainted dead away at the very thought.

So without further ado the small boy was given a bag of candy and lifted into the suit of armor and it in turn was lifted, wired together, onto the back of the horse. Then every eye was turned on the plain below where the two warriors would meet.

The field was empty, but a small cloud of dust appeared on the far hill where lay the Kingdom of Dumpty. It was the Dumpty Knight coming to do battle.
The King reached and gave the boy's horse a whack. Off went the charger, the suit of armor jiggling and clanking, with the boy first looking out a sleeve hole, next out of the rear of the helmet, then through the waistband. Clankety-clank! Rumble rumble, the two laden horses charged toward each other.



There was a thunderous crash! The horses met head on. Pieces of armor and dust flew in a bubbling cloud. The horses tumbled about and soon all was quiet. *"Our champion is done for!"* cried the Dumpty King. *"We are lost!"*

Slowly, leaning on canes and crutches, the people of Humpty and the people of Dumpty drew near to the scene of the conflict. There, when the dust had settled, a strange sight greeted their old eyes. The two horses had risen unharmed and were quietly cropping grass. And sitting nearby playing on the soft turf where they had fallen was a little boy and a little girl.

"Your champion?" asked the Humpty King of the Dumpty King, nodding towards the girl. "Aye," answered the King of Dumpty. *"All we have left."*

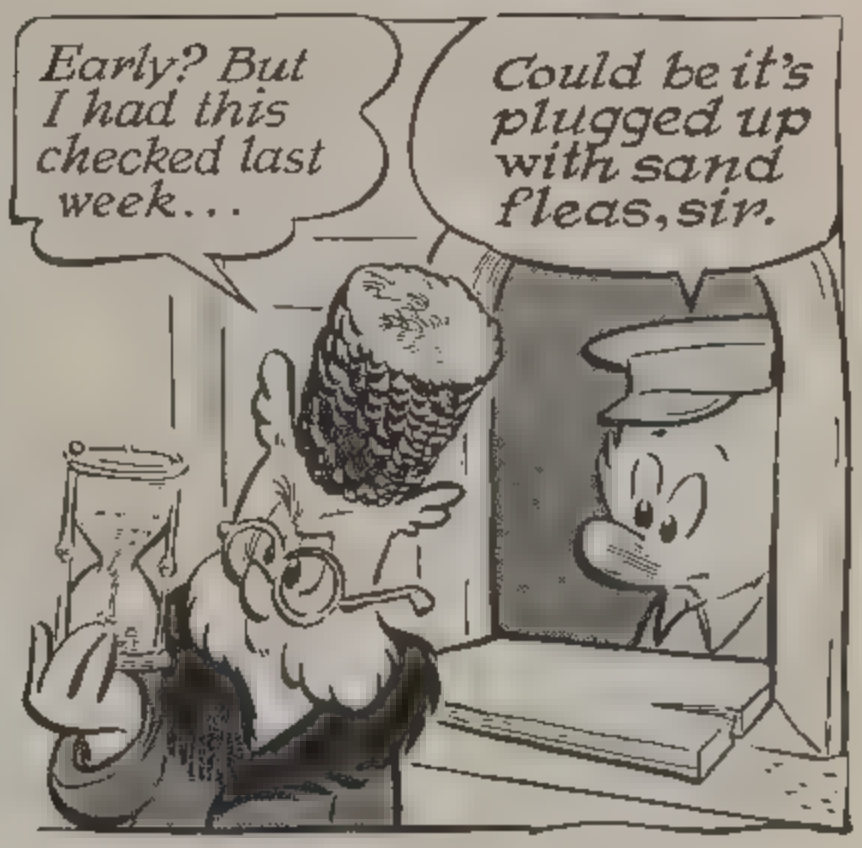
"We're a bit ahead," said the Humpty King, with satisfaction. *"Our boy seems to be making friends faster than the girl."* *"Not so,"* replied the other, *"Our girl seems to have acquired his bag of candy."*

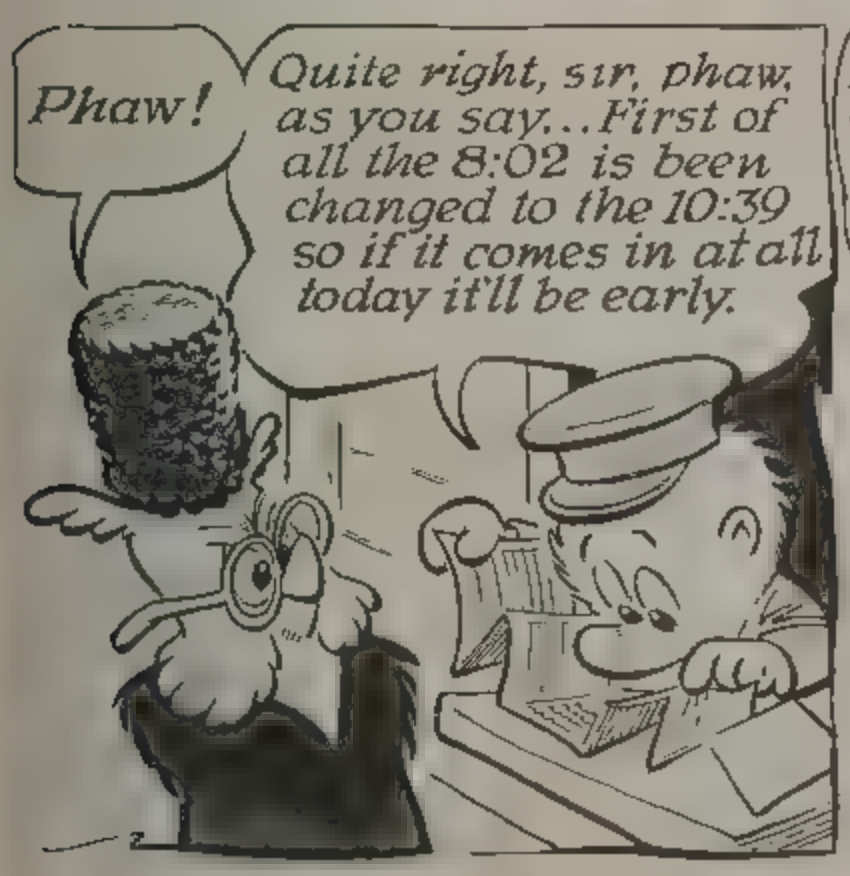
"They're sharing it!" exclaimed an old, old, old, old lady, and the two kings looked at her very thoughtfully.

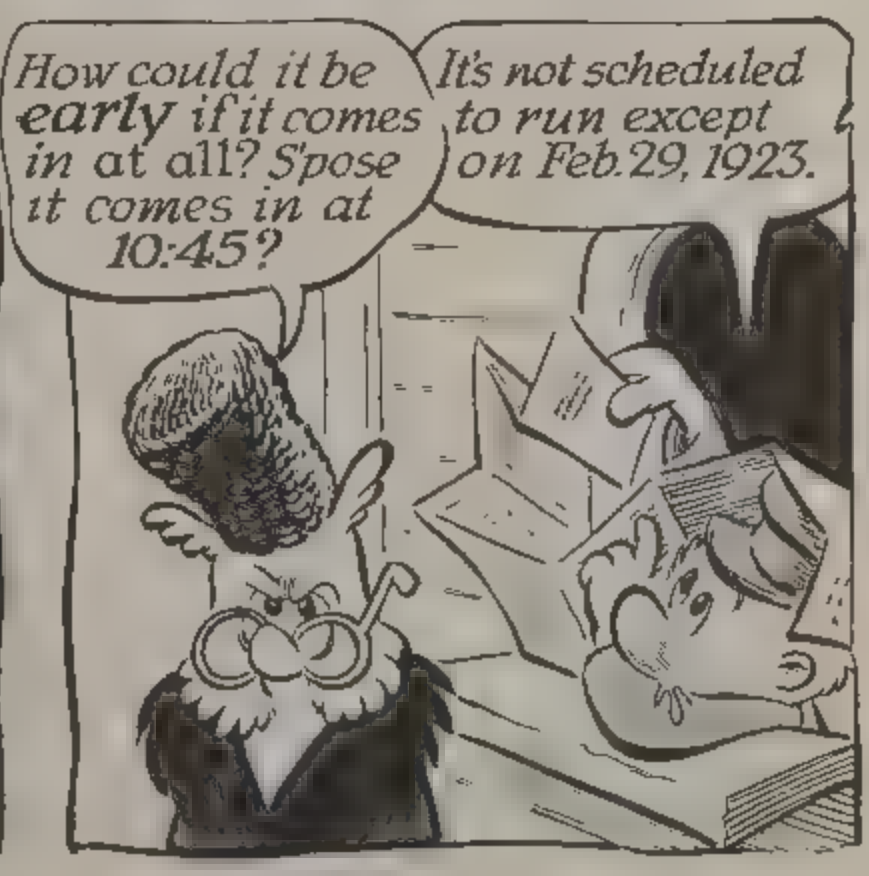
The Man From

SUFFERN ON THE STEPPES

OR 1984 AND ALL THAT




Phaw!
Quite right, sir, phaw, as you say... First of all the 8:02 is been changed to the 10:39 so if it comes in at all today it'll be early.



Feb 29,1923? There ain't no Feb. 29 in 1923!

There ain't even no 1923 any more. The gummint tore it down and built a milk bar.

No 1923? I ain't been back there in 32 years---I'll never forget it. Why does the gummint change everythin'?

1923 was a perfectly good year.

Oh boy! I'll never forget hollerin' "Down with the gummint" in 1923.

I did, too---I hollered mine into a closet.

I hollered mine into a paper bag -- got it here somewheres.

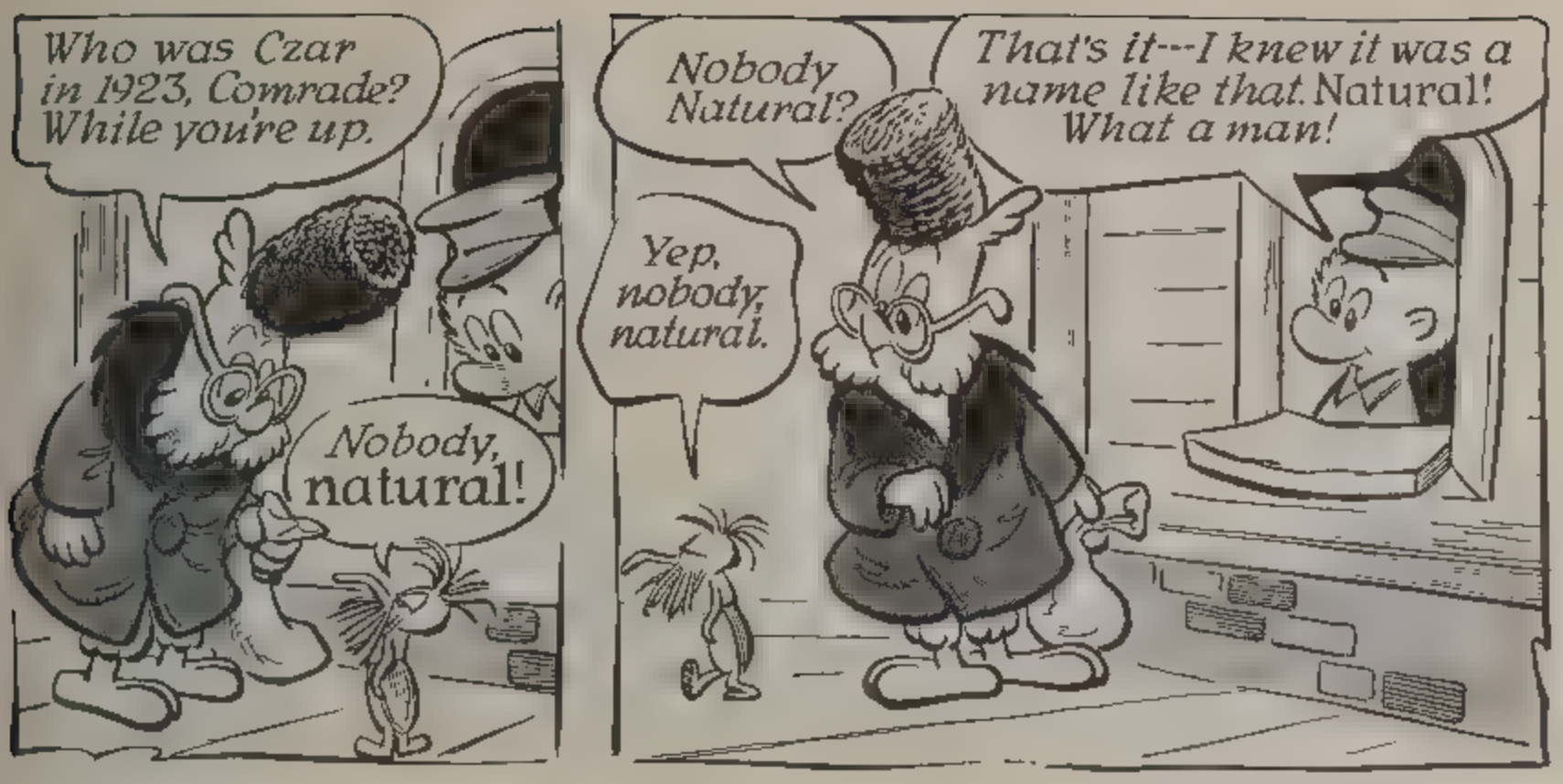
Who was the Czar that year---? Babe Roose? No, he was the Sultan of Swat.

Swat was nice in the Summer, but the mosquitos! Nyat!

Sure, but who was the Czar? I voted for my mother but she never made it.

The Czar---I think: Kenesaw Mountain somebody---it was somebody, I'm sure of that.

K.M. Somebody?


Who was Czar in 1923, Comrade? While you're up.
Nobody, natural!
Nobody Natural?
Yep, nobody, natural.
That's it---I knew it was a name like that. Natural! What a man!

What did you say was in the bag?
My holler.
Since 1923 I was a rebel--- fought hard!
Right! You spoke up!
When others was knucklin' under, I hollered, "Down with the gummint!"
Into the bag!
Which way'd the bug go---? Hum— wanna see my holler?
Jus' a peek.
It's the only one in captivity----"Down with the gummint" is how it goes.
Mine is in a closet.
Mine goes the same way. (Outspoke as all get out.)
Quick now!

There--- oop!
Hooray for the gummint!

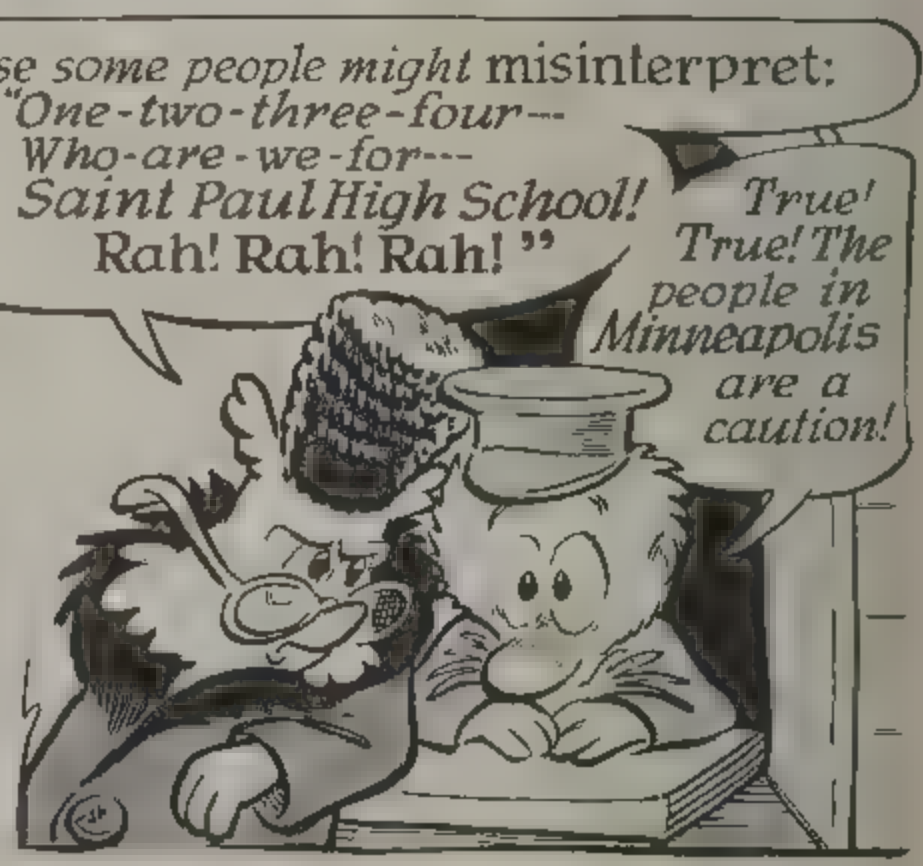
Naturally, I disguised it a li'l...
You're clever, comrade, clever as a badger--- clever and courageous!

How did you disguise your holler into the closet?
When I hollered "Down with the gummint" too?

Yes hee hee hee hee!
I hollered--- hee hee--- I hollered--

Mrrs mup gomble smms--

Oh boy! Great! Great! Great!


Of course some people might misinterpret: "One-two-three-four--- Who-are-we-for--- Saint Paul High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!"
True! True! The people in Minneapolis are a caution!

But **now** it's 9:47, time for the 7:22---why not take **that?** Why wait for the Feb. 29, 1923?

Is it comin'?

Right up.

Right on time--- twelve noon sharp!

Whoo! Whoo! Whee--ooop! Chug-chug-gug-gug ding ding ding!

Where's the smoker, cap?

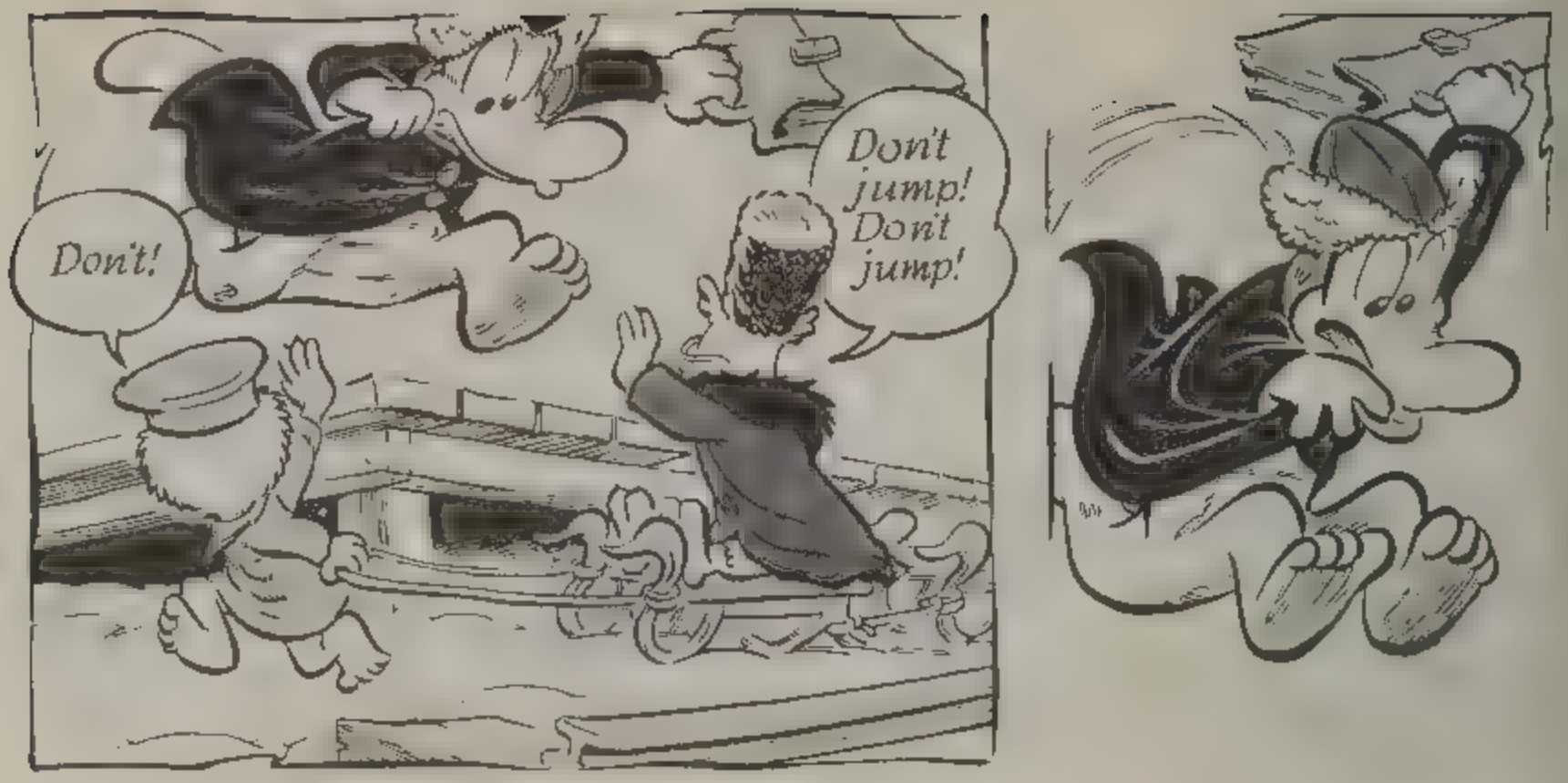
Head car--- 'board! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Ding ding!

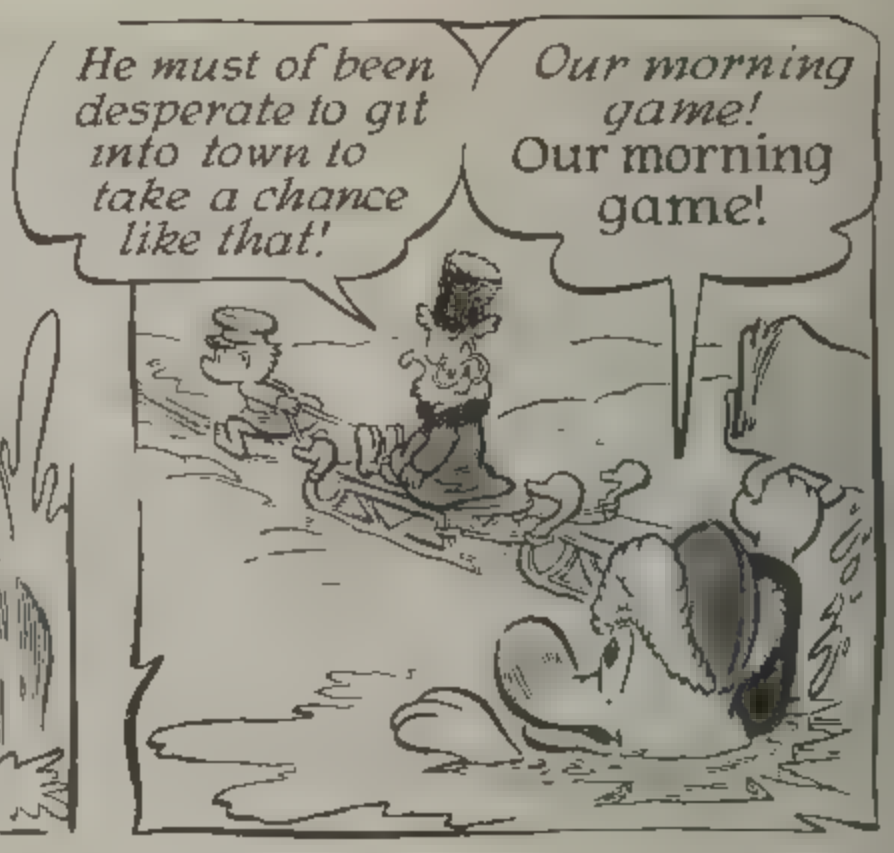
Hold it! Hold it!

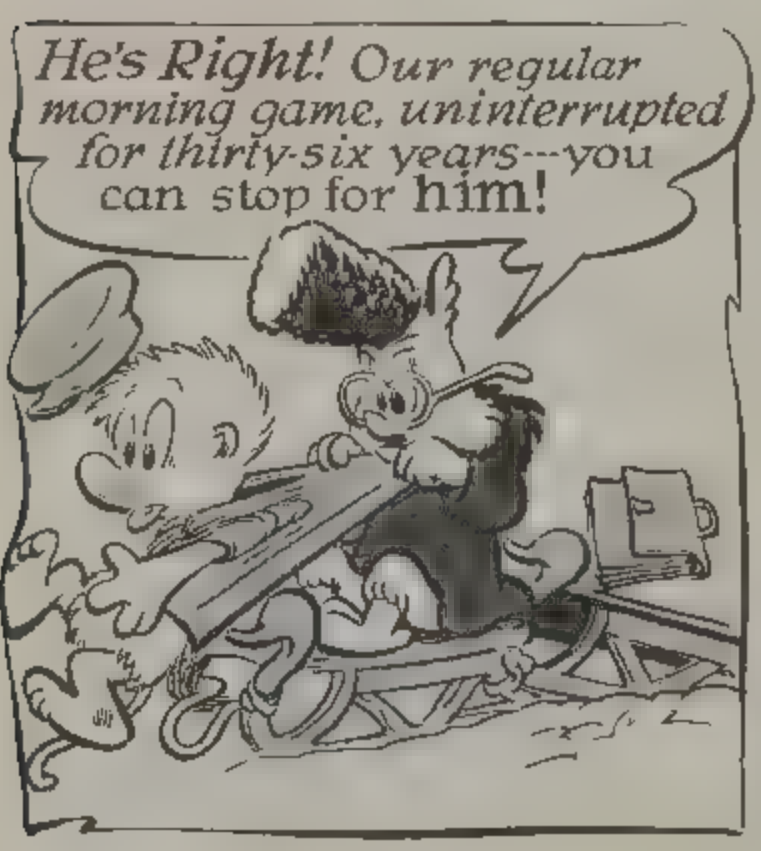
Sorry, the train's movin'.

Don't jump, you fool!


Don't!
Don't jump! Don't jump!

Oh, when will they learn to not jump for a moving train?
He's a goner --


He must of been desperate to git into town to take a chance like that!
Our morning game!
Our morning game!


He's Right! Our regular morning game, uninterrupted for thirty-six years---you can stop for him!

Oog oog goosh goop whoof!
Good for you, comrade! We might have broken our string!
I was held up! The reindeer had a blowout.

Let's see, I think it's my deal--- want to cut?

No-no, go ahead--- we're old friends--the last of the crowd of 14--- all the others are gone.

One by one we lost them.

Click!

Your turn.

It's nostalgic, ridin' by the spots where they dropped out.

Yes, the little mounds--- Hunnicker, there, was in cream cheese down on the street.

An' Womblit, Commissar in charge of celery- who will be next?

BAM!

I'm alone!

What happen? We run over a cassowary?

No-- no---don't look---uh, how'd you like to sit in for my late friend?

I missed.

Is you sure? The way you plays, you could of hit the bull's-eye.

No--- wait---

As a gent'man I ain't gone in-vite you to play an' then ree-fuse you the privilege. Go ahead, it's your turn.

It wasn't a complete miss-- I got me in the busby.

Aw, gosh, gentlemen, I'm just a ordinary worker--I don't want to intrude myself into the company of--

Non-sense! This is a democratic oleogarchy.

No, no, I just want to pull the sledge-- pull the sledge an' retire to Siberia.

But you make us out to be segregationists. We love you just as if you were as good as us.

We don't care if you're ugly or stupid.

Sure, we revere him because he is a hero of the nation.

I love the worker more than anybody else.

I love the great hero of our nation who is the working dog more than any other man and/or any other beast.

No, I love him more. I say phoo on the fact that he is trash! Disregard his lowly station.

I share all things with him---my pleasure, sir! You play a hand with us.

Yes, it shows we are all brothers.

Like this--?

Like that.

Just so.

It's nice to be accepted in the upper circles. This is a real thrill, believe me.

Pull it!

Perhaps I should remove my hat as a mark of respect--- to my memory.

No no---we'll keep your memory green.

But my memory is more plaid, an' besides, the hat is gummint property.

What! Saboteur! Remove it at once!

How thoughtless of me! If I had blew a hole in the hat I'd of lost my job.

Exactly--we must play fair.

If this works out like it **might**, uh--**who** will pull the sledge?

That's **right!**

You're gummint property too! How dare you twice attempt to destroy the mother land's holdings?

You're a **enemy agent** attempting to wreck our railway system by sabotaging our power supply!

I'd commit suicide except somebody'd take offense.

Oh, I hope our noble scientists invent a live-for-ever serum so I can work and work and work and work!

Shows what you get for inviting a pig into the parlor

We got time for one more hand.

Click!

Not only is he barred from this game henceforth but he may even be shot.

Click!

Right.

Well, here's the terminal. We should think about boycotting this tool of the saboteurs--we should take our business elsewhere.

MADISONAV

Would that be loyal?

Thank you, beloved rulers.

We'd have to take our business to America. Here we only got one railroad-- NO competition.

That's our trouble.

That working dog is monopolizing business because he's the last one working.

If I hadn't been cursed with a strong mind and a weak back I could be in his spot today...

Well, into the conference room! I've been incubating a nest of gilt edge eggs. I've given our ideas the full mother hen treatment.

Gentlemen, you recall those jewels we threw into the well to see the ripples rise? All week-end I've been nesting them. I've been mother henning...

Hullo, Mother Henning!

How do you spell "He blew up the Dnieper Dam?"

I never do.

Now I'll just sprinkle these blossoms around so we can run through the field barefooted and find out where the thorns are.

I have a truly magnificent plan.

Let me just hang it out on the line where you can blow at it and cool it off--- it's called the "Invention of the month club" plan.

We sell to the worker, the nobility of our nation, a subscription to a new invention each month. Our research men here can cut the string on this and stratosphere, here we come!

There's the fuse, it's up to our research men to stuff some powder in the cannon---what kind of tinsel can you hang on **that** tree, brains?

Well---

We could invent something for June...

True, we could invent the **wheel**- -it's novel--that would be nice for June.

For July we could invent **two** wheels.

You're murdering the oysters but losin' the pearls--- **what** would you do with **two wheels?**

We'd be just one step away from perfectin' the **tricycle!**

What **more** would you need?

Well, a good tricycle ought to have a seat.

And the dee-looks model has a steerin' committee.

You look doubtful, comrade.

Yes!

These cigars you spread out smokes like sausages.

Well, they **is** sausages! Mixed with the ideas I tossed at you was my lunch.

Oh---well, as sausages they makes perty good cigars.

Oog---you ought to try 'em as **saus-ages**---oog! They's a new brand--made of rubber--- last for years.

Now, comrade, you spun a clinker into your last spider web there. You said a **good** tricycle ought to have a **seat**---the noble working fish of our nation doesn't need a **seat**--- he doesn't even need a **good** tricycle.

If it's a **no-good** tricycle he needs, we can **guarantee** satisfaction.

Good! Now you are putting lace on your pancakes---a no-good tricycle takes three wheels, a few rods, some space and **courage.**

While you were wadin' ashore with the salvage there I detected a lighted lantern in your duffle bag. What did you say a tricycle takes?

Wheels, mostly.

I'll make note of that--- W-E-E-L-S-T---

What's the "T" for?

In case we sells to China.

Great! A lotus blossom jus' exploded. How many wheels, comrade?

How many did you invent so far?

For June an July, one and um--

That finger is a two--- two wheels.

Two? Well, that's it!

Seems to me you kicked over a coin in the treasury of your mind there before--- two wheels. That right?

Somewhere there you had a hold of a rainbow but now, unless we recall the license plate of what hit you, all we got is a empty pot.

It's what I get for talkin' off the top of my head--- I'll be bald and nothing to show for it.

What this play needs is a broken field runner---a man with savvy and know-how---somebody who can fill a whole dyke instead of just wetting his thumb--a man of vision.

Modesty prevents me from pointing the finger but I know just the rifle who can curve this sweet potato past the umpire.

You don't mean me -- again?

P.Z., you never been **righter!** You **know** how we all look to **you** to raise the shade when a idea goes past the window--- an' **this** time, you **really** said it, kiddo!

Heh heh!

You is **right** as rain---I **don't** mean **you**---I means M-double E-I-E! **Me!**

First we need a slogan to get this two wheeled tricycle off the ground ---a slogan like what made a household word of "Ekibastuzugol water---drink it and ha-ha!"

Ain't tricycles got three wheels?

Not 'til we invent them that way they don't

Q.T., you work the warts off this bonanza---use P.V. to help---X.Y. and O.R. come with me. I got a idea what's too big for indoors.

Check. V.O.

Czech. I.Q.

SLAM!

Are you thinkin' or sleepin'?

In betweenly.

Why didn't you tell me that was a closet?

I'm sorry, N.T., I went out that way last night. I wondered why it was such a short trip home.

Funny---I been leavin' by that closet door for years---always wondered where all the brooms come from.

That's what I like about you, comrade, you're always thinkin'.

It's because of my brains--- I do all my thinkin' with my own head.

Have a sausage---do you realize that we're upstream salmon with a clear field to spawn out the invention of the wheel and the open sea lies ahead?

The minute you invents the wheel you and me can be top dog in the cat fight---fifty per cent of the invention goes to the syndicate, composed of me---then you and I will split the rest---fair enough?

Fair?!

Fair! You're a bona fide Lady Bountiful---I kiss your hand, comrade.

Yowtch!

Next time take off your cigar!

Gosh---if the syndicate takes fifty per cent--- an' we split the rest---I'll be rich! How much is left after the fifty per cent comes out?

Well---let's see, a tenth would be left. Half of that would be a fifth---so you'd get one bottle of vodka.

A windfall! Look! It inspires me to immediately invent the wheel!

A square wheel---?

Sure! Otherwise, on a hill, it would always roll down.

Let me stick a fork into that before you take it out of the oven, comrade---maybe some people want to go down hill.

In this country everything is up hill! There is no down hill.

Psst, comrade, what do you hear?

They got it!

They've invented a square wheel---it will revolutionize the merry-go-round industry.

Making it the merry-go-square business?

A lifetime of childhood whirli-gigglin' spoiled. The square wheel's no good---too many angles to it.

You're standing in the way of progress, D.T. Confess your guilt, get your back pay and transfer yourself to the garbage secretariat.

We can put that wheel out cheaper'n they can.

Right! There's nobody cheaper'n **us**--- they should be transferred to counting succotash.

Exactly! We knock one side off the wheel making it triangular-- thus saving *immediately* one quarter the cost.

Carry it a step further! Knock off another side and we'll save half!

This may be our **big** chance to become **top dogs** in the **catfight** -- we'll leave the country and sell this secret to a foreign power.

Ha!

Yes, this idea of mine, the **square wheel.** may be our **big** chance to become **top dogs** in the **catfight**---we'll leave the country and sell this secret to a foreign power.

KNOCK KNOCK!

See who's in the closet this time.

It's **me,** the garbage man.

A man made of garbage?

Stay, friend! How do you dispose of your garbage?

I dumps it on a barge for the **export market.**

This is it! Grab the plans--- we'll smuggle ourselves into the garbage and be shipped abroad!

Oh, peachy!

If you don't mind, sirs, where is your regular garbage?

In the hallway with the chickens.

Keep your head down or he might suspect something---the rubbish is shipped out of the country---we're practically washed up on the Weehawken shore now!

We can't be washed up a minute too soon for me!

Cluck cluck!

If you're a chicken, where's your comb?

I don't lend it to strangers.

D.G.P.

Oh, Mamie minded Mama
'Til one day in Singapore
A sailor man from Turkestan
Came knockin' at the door.

Here he comes--- hide! You got the plans?

Yes---they're wrapped around the sandwiches.

Howdodoo, sir, you look sad--- you been down in the dumps?

Yes, everything there is just fine -I'm the new garbage inspector.

Good--- climb aboard whilst I steers us to the barge.

M.T., what do you say to calling this invention "the Common" wheel?

"The commonwheel for the commonweal." A great slogan!

It's got its charm, R.S., but it can't send its song. It sparkles but it don't blind the eye.

Behold, Igolz, a moose with three horns.

You hang around this stuff long enough and it seems to talk to you.

Yes--- all garbage ain't jus' plain garbage--I found a fine clarinet reed in there once.

Somebody in here got mighty cold feet!

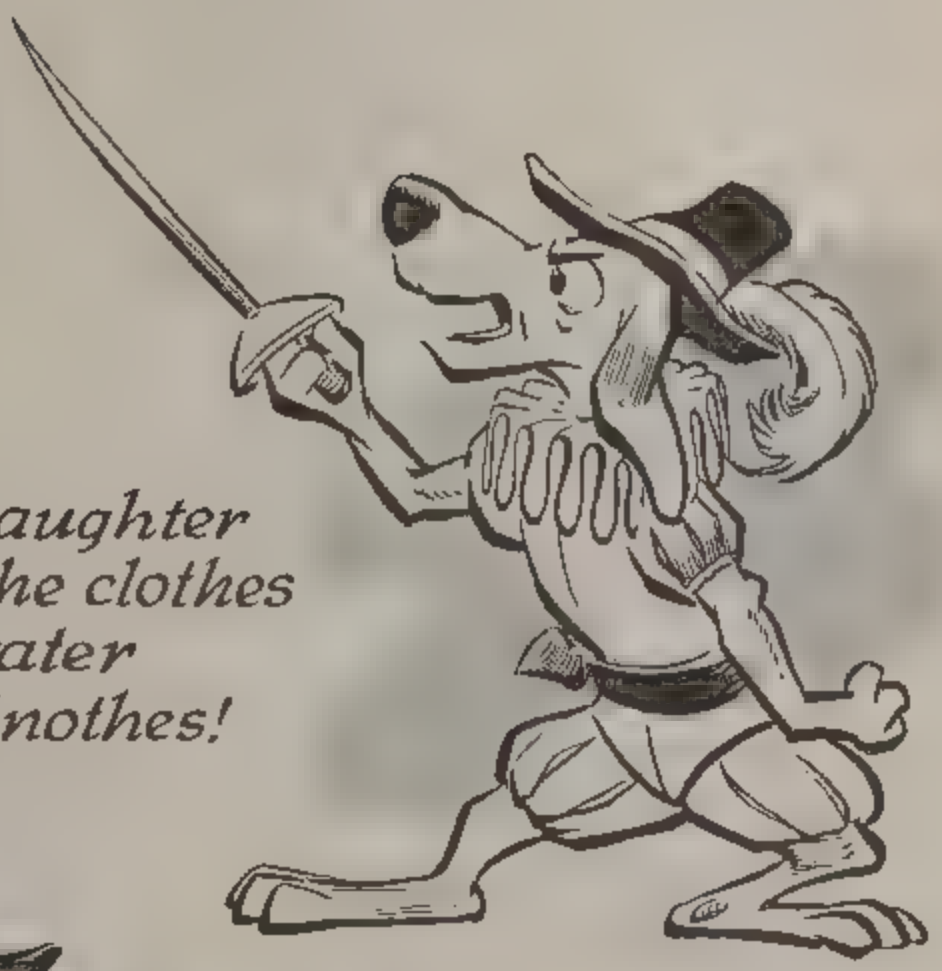
This whole conception will be a ninety-story gold mine with a pent house on every floor-- there's the fanfare of trumpets in every graceful finger of its corporeal being!

You spread stuff like this on a field an' things'd really grow.

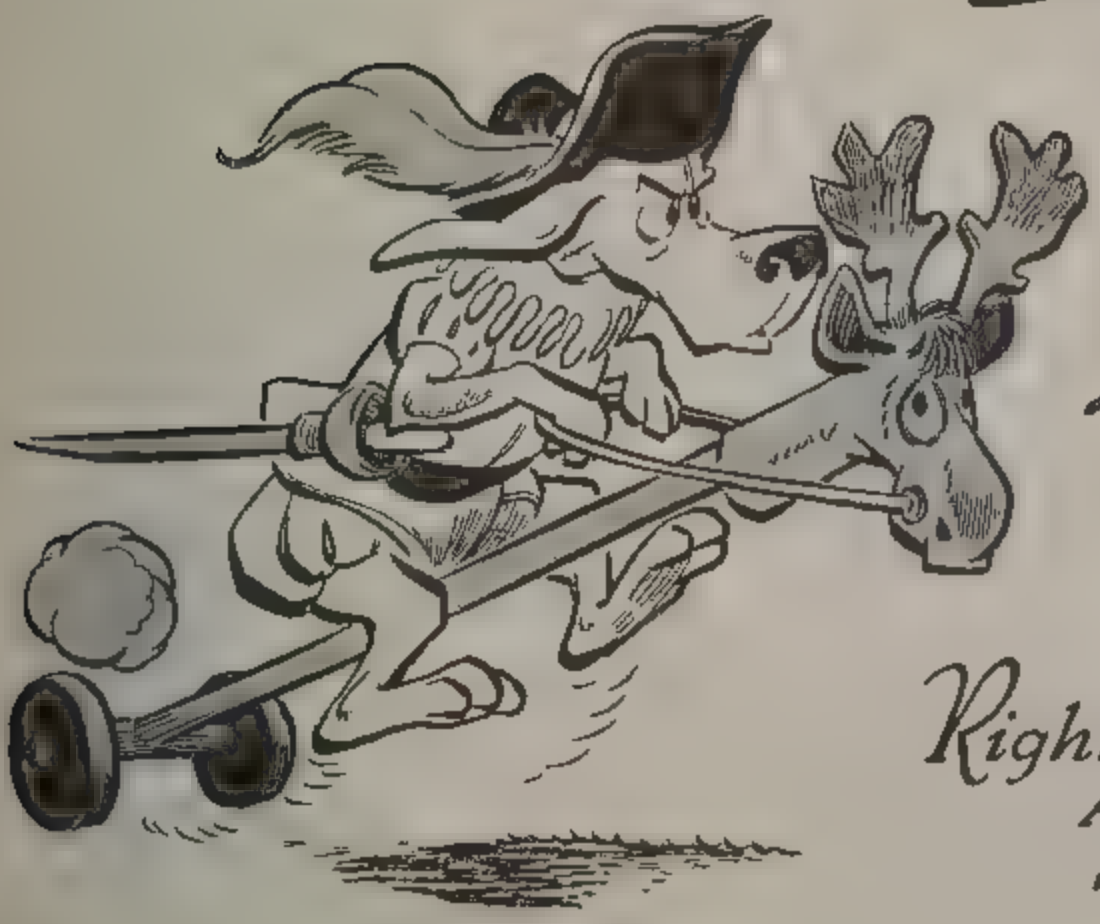
Yes, an' if you help pitch-fork it onto the barge you'll find it fairly amusing work.

LINES TO CELEBRATE
The LOSS *of a* GALOSH

Whither the Starling?
And whither the Crow?
And whither the Weather
When wither the Snow?



The weaver's wet Daughter
Has dampened the clothes
With wavelets of water
Left over from Snothes!



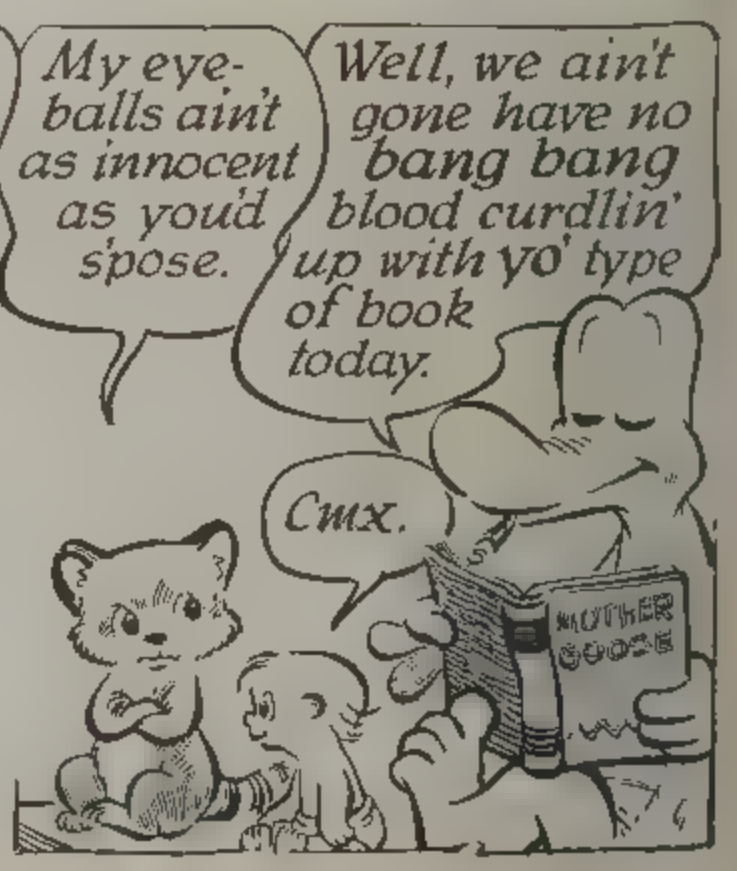
Left over from
Snothes!
Left over from
Snothes!

Right over and under,
And yonder
She gothes.

YOO HOO, KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

POGO
Here come your Uncle Albert now to baby-sit you two tads whilst I gits the house-work did.
Yassir! By jing, I got a book here what good for 'em, too---full of whole wheat words an' other up-lift.
Dnvbx!

Phoo, them's baby stuff--- I'd ruther go fishin' or play a little Two-Handed Cowboy.
Set still! I learnt to read this 'cause it's fit for tad's li'l innocent ear an' eyeballs.
Psbt.
MOTHER GOOSE


My eye-balls ain't as innocent as you'd s'pose.
Well, we ain't gone have no bang bang blood curdlin' up with yo' type of book today.
Cmx.
MOTHER GOOSE

You gone hear all 'bout "Jack be nibble" an' stuff like that— all recommended by the ladies auxillowary.

First on the program is "Who killed Cock Robin?"

Listen close now, chillun, dear. "Who killed Cock Robin?" "I," said the sparrow,

"With my bow an' arrow. I killed Cock Robin!"

Jes' hearsay evidence, so far.

Stop innerruptin'! We'll see how it comes out.

Lotsa people rush in an' confess murders jes for a bicycle-logical thrill!

Rmnz.

Who saw him die? "I," said the fly.

"With my li'l eye,
I saw him die!"

Who caught
his blood---?
oog!

"I," said the fish,
"With my li'l dish,
I caught his blish."
(I mean blood.)

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the beadle,
"With my li'l needle,
I made his shreed---uh,
shroud!

**Who shall
dig his
grave?**

"I," said the---
said the---

---said the owl,
"With my spade an' showl,
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the rook,
With my li'l book
I'll be the rook."

Parson!

Who'll be the clerk?
"I," said the lurk---uh, lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk."

All right! Why din't the lark
want to work in the dark?
Why's he so different?
Keep your eye
on that lark.

Ain't
you
got no
respeck
?

Who'll carry
him to the
grave?

phwonk!

MOTHER GOOSE

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the kite,

If 'tis not
at night,
I'll carry
him to the

grave.

The kite, too? Y'notice?
The lark an' then the
kite---don't want to do
nothin' after sundown.
They're afraid,
maybe!

Gulp!

Mnpx gpss
twzkd znp.

Think so?
Well---
mebbe.

Who'll---gulp---be chief mourner--? "I," said the dove, "I mourn for my love. I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall?

Oh, woo hoo hoo!

Is he laughin' or singin'?

I think cryin'.

Whaw ho boo!

Bluh bluh bluh!

All his li'l friends is bearin' the pall---the linnet, the cock, the hen--- all bearin' the ball!

Pall!

Who'll sing a pea-salm? "I," said the thrush, As she sat in the bush, "I'll sing a pea-salm."

What's a pall?

Who knows? What's a pea-salm?

That's "psalm."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull."
And so---Cock Robin---

Fare-well! hic

He goin' so soon?

What's a matter? You eat a mess of green crawdads?

Fare-well--- hic they sung to their li'l friend!

Lessee how it come out.

His blood spilt hic buried and mourned hic all in one day! What a tragedy--- hic!

You allus gits hiccups when you carries on like that.

But that po' li'l innocent blue eyed bird!

All that happened couple hunnerd years ago!

What! Why, that crittur would of been dead anyway by this time!

It never do say if they cotched the culprit.

I did such a good job on them hiccups that I is worked up quite a appetite.

I figgered as much.

As a favor to you, Pogo, I'll stay to supper.

I figgered that, too.

Seem like to me you is takin' a awful lot for granted, son.

Wonder if you tads isn't too far from home to git there fer supper? Figger your maws 'ud let you stay?

I dunno...

Mgnx.

...But you keep a eye on Grundoon an I'll skaddle home an find out--I be back in time for soup, sure!

Bye bye?

Heighty, Pogo! Us worked our way 'round down wind of your place an' doggone if we din't smell hush puppies an' perloo!

Good! You brung yo' music!

Bye bye?

You realize, son, that if you wasn't held in high esteem some folks wouldn't drop in atall?

Big day?

Wow!

Long as some folks kin wash dishes an' not break every blessed one I ain't complainin'.

Bye bye?

FINEM RESPICE

Now where we've gone
Through wood and field
The Sun has shone
The Sun has shone,
The Rain did yield,
The ploughed Land sown,
Grain Blossom grown
Can Storm attend
Can Day be drear,
Can This be End,
Can there come End,
Because we're Here?
Because we're Here?

O.V. BRISTOL. *"Cornerstones and Corbiesteps"* 1801

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WALTER CRAWFORD KELLY, JR. was born in Philadelphia on August 25, 1913 and spent his school years in Bridgeport, Connecticut. After several years as a reporter on the Bridgeport *Post*, he set out for California and landed a job as a animator with Disney Studios. Between 1935-1941 he worked on such films as *Dumbo*, *Pinocchio*, *Snow White*, and *Fantasia*, learning techniques that were to influence his later work. In 1948, Kelly became the political cartoonist, art director, and comic strip editor for a fledgling newspaper, the New York *Star*. He hired himself to do his own comic strip, *Pogo*. The *Star* folded less than a year later, but *Pogo* was given a new home at the New York *Post* and syndicated nationally by the Hall Syndicate.

Pogo is a mixture of hilarious slapstick, brilliant satire, and subtle wit that relates the adventures of an enchanting troupe of anthropomorphic "critters" living in the Okefenokee swamp in southern Georgia. Kelly pioneered in the innovative use of the comic strip medium, and was the first to use it to deliver sharp and unblinking commentary on contemporary social, political, and moral ills. This won him enemies (including Senator Joe McCarthy, whom he attacked in 1952 by portraying him as a jackal), but also earned him the respect and admiration of many avid readers who enthusiastically proclaimed *Pogo* their favorite strip.

Kelly was renown for his meticulous artwork, his courageous and wise narrative; and his masterful command of language. He was among the first to use a variety of lettering designs and make them essential to the personality of his characters. In addition to doing the strip, Kelly was a tireless lecturer, reporter, songwriter, book reviewer, and illustrator. He drew innumerable editorial cartoons and wrote articles on many subjects. In one of them, speaking through a *Pogo* character, he coined the phrase: "We have met the enemy and he is us." In 1952, he was named "Cartoonist of the Year" by the National Cartoonists Society and was elected president of that organization in 1954. His influence on later cartoonists is widely and publicly acknowledged.

Walt Kelly died in southern California on October 18, 1973.

WALT KELLY

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